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SONGS

OF SCENES AT HOME





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WILL N. DENTON

Songs of Scenes at Home

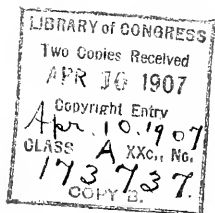
By
Will N. Denton



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WILL N. DENTON
THOMAS, ALA.
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Introduction

IN PUBLISHING this little volume of verse I wish to say, by way of introduction, that I am not anticipating its being a literary success—of its bringing me either fame or gold—for I am actuated almost solely by a desire to see the production of my pen placed in a permanent and convenient form for distribution among my readers and personal friends, who have encouraged me in its publication by expressing a desire to possess a copy of my verses in book form.

As the matter it contains will speak for itself, I leave it to my readers to decide its literary merits for themselves.

THE AUTHOR.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 15, 1906.

Contents

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Songs of Scenes at Home	15
Peauties Here at Home	17
When Mona Plays	19
Old Bob White	21
The Blue Tennessee	23
Illusions	24
With Every Fall of Snow	25
The Snow	26
A Lily and a Life	27
Uncle Si	28
Her Last Sweet Song	29
Thoughts of Harvest Days	31
A Walk in Autumn Woods	32
Oh, Heart Be Brave	33
Late September	34
October Days	36
After the Frost	38
Dreams of You	40
Song of the South	41
Nightfall	43
In Winter	44
To the Powers that Be	45
Dawn Lights	46
A Morning Thought	47
Metrical Waifs	48
My Old Scrap Book	49
The Little Hand of You	51
The Better Days	52
A Shadow on the Wall	53
Eolus	56
How Flows the Brook	58
The Query	59
Kept His Word	60
Summer Night	62
Alone by the Sea	63

	PAGE
Lines to One that Died	65
A Mid-Winter Dream	67
The Plaint of the World	69
A Song by 'Sephus	70
Fall Days on the Farm	72
The Fair Musician	74
Life's Problem	75
Song o' Moonlight Memories	76
The Voice at Manila	77
A Song of Autumn	78
Columbia Weeps	80
A Song of the Brook	82
Dawn, Noon and Sunset	84
When Love Was Kind	85
A Fallen Hero	86
Pickin' de Geese in de Sky	88
The Wind among the Pines	89
The Last Kiss	90
When Nellie Sings	92
Fate	93
My Dreams of the South	94
The Badge of the Brave	96
Life's Day	97
Dreams o' Summer	98
Good Night	99
Where My Love Sleeps	100
The Difference	101
When Woods and Fields Are Green	102
Mountain Song	104
Song of a Dead Dream	105
In Summer Woods	106
Song of the Hills	107
By the River	109
When the Hills Are White	111
The Love Enduring	112
The Old Dinner Horn	113

	PAGE
The Vanquished Summer	115
In Autumn Days	117
Springtime	119
A Spring Idyl	121
Morning on the Farm	123
When Winter's Over	125
The Dream Haven	126
Longing for Autumn	127
In Fancy's Fair Domain	129
Kathleen	131
Song of the Seasons	132
Do Good Today	134
Love Song	135
Of a Mountain River	137
To Maude-Lillian	138
Lola Wayne	140
Life's Lane o' Dreams	142
The Autumn's Pathos	143
When Summer Calls Me Home	145
The Pin-Ghost	147
Christmas Song	149
My Hour to Dream	151
My Sweetheart	153

Songs of Scenes at Home.

There's songs of smiling, songs of tears,
And songs of peace and war,
The melodies of other years,
From alien lands afar.
Low lyrics and the epics grand,
As high as heaven's dome,
But dearest songs of any land
Are songs of scenes at home.

The simplest song may thrill the souls
Of sages with its art,
As might it one whose bosom holds
A tender, childlike heart;
But sweetest will they ever prove—
No matter where we roam—
The songs of where we live and love,
The songs of scenes at home.

BEAUTIES HERE AT HOME.

HERE at home the world is lovely,
Like the lands of legends fair,
For the scenes of home are sweeter
Than they ever are elsewhere;
So a lover of the Southland,
May my fancy never roam,
To a scene of song or story
From the beauties here at home.

Here the waters murmur music,
Like the lyrics of a dream,
And the sunlight lies in glory
On the cotton fields a-gleam.
Willows with the cypress whisper
Where the sweet magnolias bloom,
And the roses to the lilies
Send a greeting of perfume.

Here the lowlands are as fertile
And the mountains are as grand,
Under skies as blue and tender
As in any other land.
Tempered by the gentle breezes
Are the sunny days so bright,
While a dream of fairy fragrance
Is the moonlit summer night.

In this land so loved and lovely,
Whether skies are gray or blue,
Hearts are ever fond and tender
And the spirit brave and true,

For the fathers are as valiant
As the sires of olden Rome,
And no matrons are more loyal,
Than the mothers here at home.

Here among the pleasant valleys,
In some blooming woodland dell,
Might the fairies have a kingdom,
And the gods of fable dwell;
So a lover of the Southland,
May my fancy never roam
To a scene of song and story
From the beauties here at home.

WHEN MONA PLAYS.

WHEN Mona plays the violin
The world of dreams is mine,
Of summer seas of sunny sheen
With isles of palm and pine
Where ceaseless, sings the siren surge,
As restless billows roll,
A sweet, half melancholy dirge
That soothes the saddened soul.

For as the bow is swept along
The strings, her violin
Resounds as if a spirit throng
Around her, sang unseen,
And Mona's matchless measures move,
With gentle grace controlled,
As dreamy as a dream of love
Where hearts are never old.

Across the strings, in gleams of white,
Her dainty fingers glance,
As deftly in their airy flight
As might the faries dance
To elfin music when the moon,
At misty mid-night, throws
A dewy kiss of light in June
Unto the blooming rose.

When weird and wild the music moans
Along the vibrant strings,
As plaintive as the eerie tones
The breeze-blown pine tree sings,

The soul in rapt attention leaves
All else alone, apart
Except the dulcet strain that weaves
A spell around the heart.
From wood and string, insensate thing,
God grant the gift were mine,
In melting manner forth to bring
Such melody divine,
For radiant, with the phantom gleams
Of brighter, better days,
One revels in the deathless dreams
Of love when Mona plays.

OLD BOB WHITE.

WHEN the morning dawns in splendor,
And the pearly dewdrops gleam
On the blossoms sweet and tender
That as flashing diamonds seem;
With the lifting of the shadows
At the waxing of the light,
Comes the call across the meadows
Of the quail for Old-Bob-White.

Like a spirit fluting sweetly,
Dreamlike on the scented breeze,
Floating slowly up or fleetly,
Then across the blooming leas
From the wheat fields ripe and yellow,
For the harvest golden bright,
Comes the monotonic, mellow
Melody of Old-Bob-White.

As the wraith-voice of some lover
Murdered in the long ago,
From the woodland's leafy cover
Comes it weirdly, sad and low
When the sunset's growing redder
With the waning of the light,
As it told the name, and shedder
Of the blood, was Old-Bob-White.

In the summer's splendid beaming
At the noontide's drowsy spell,
As a maiden rapt in dreaming
Speaks the name she loves full well,

Comes that liquid triad, faintly
Sounding from the sunny height,
Slumbersome in tones that quaintly,
Sweetly utter Old-Bob-White.

Thus the timid solo singer,
Gleaner of the harvest fields,
Pipes a song that seems to linger
Long about the heart and wields,
As the mood be, pain or pleasure,
When his throat in tuneful might
Forth an anapest in measure
Clearly voices—Old-Bob-White.

THE BLUE TENNESSEE.

A BEAUTIFUL river—the blue Tennessee,
And as sweet as a love-lighted dream,
Remembrance that thrills me with longing to be
On the banks of its wild, winding stream.
The valleys are fertile and mountains are grand
With the bluest of soft summer sky
O'er-arching the forest and green meadow-land
That its waters flow murmuring by.

The serpentine brooks by the clover fields sweet,
As if ribbons of silver unrolled,
A-quiver with breezes that rimple the wheat
To a billowy glimmer of gold;
The crab-apple, grape and the chestnut in bloom,
With the locust and tall tulip tree,
That lend to the forest the sweetest perfume
On the banks of the blue Tennessee.

The turtle dove calling his mate at the morn
And the mockingbird singing at noon,
The whippoorwill piping a monody lorn
In the weird woodland lit by the moon;
The catbird that mimics the wail of the jay,
The bob-white and the plaintive kildee
That mourn in the meadows the death of the day
On the banks of the blue Tennessee.

The song of the wheel of an old water mill,
With its music of slumbersome spell—
The little brown cottage that stood on the hill
Where the belle of the valley did dwell—

The queen of my first love of spirit as light
As the heart of the bird on the wing;
In beauty more tenderly sweet to the sight
Than the blossoming roses of spring.

The sweet rose of loving is faded and dead
With the morning of youth far away—
The bright star of hope has forsaken and fled,
And the shadows are gathering gray,
Around me in life where its light used to gleam,
But in fancy I often shall be
The lover of yore in illusions to dream
By the beautiful, blue Tennessee.

ILLUSIONS.

I BUILT air castles at the morn,
Resplendent as a dream of June,
In all that fancy might adorn—
They toppled ere the noon.

At noon I wrought me pictures fair
Of wondrous art, and loved them well,
But, too, they vanished as of air
When dewy twilight fell.

I then had dreams of love, its bliss,
Throughout the solemn, silent night,
Of beauty's lips that I might kiss—
All left me at the light.

Oh, wild, sweet dreams of yesterday,
Illusions all ! For now the strife,
The toil, the tears beset the way
On the rough road of life.

WITH EVERY FALL OF SNOW.

WHEN dawn uplifts the pall of night,
And wakes the light from sleep,
And lies the world, all dazzling white,
In snowflakes buried deep,
'Tis then my heart leaps glad and free,
As if it were a boy's,
And leagued with youth in boist'rous glee
To share in youthful joys.

Then faintly up my lonely stair,
The merry music climbs,
Of jingling sleigh-bells on the air
Like far-off fairy chimes;
And through the dingy window pane,
I see the roisters ride
Across the snow, a fleeting train,
Like dream-ships o'er the tide.

And out within the frosty park
I see the youngsters there,
Up early as the morning lark,
To build a snow-man rare—
Or hid by angles of the walls,
Bold lads of roguish eye,
Up-piling pyramids of balls
To pelt the passer-by.

And while I look, the city streets
Are blurred with memory's tears
Till down the misty past it meets
With joys of other years,

For dear old times and dear old scenes
Of winters long ago
Come fondly back, like fadeless dreams,
With every fall of snow.

THE SNOW.

IN ebon lines, across the sky,
The drifting clouds trail slowly by;
From east to west a sable pall—
As if the light,
In dying, draped the earth and all
In semi-night.

In ghostly whispers moan the winds,
Among the leafless oaks and pines,
As grieving for the gray old earth
Of beauty shorn,
With fields, bereft of summer mirth,
Cold, bare and lorn.

Then suddenly a darker shade
Of shadow falls, and silence made
The deeper for the gloom, spreads round;
While motionless,
They stand a little space, no sound
The trees express.

So lifeless seems the great world heart,
No sound, nor stir, its pulses start,
Till from the lead-hued vault of cloud
Falls softly, slow
The winter's white and shining shroud—
God's gift, the snow.

A LILY AND A LIFE.

A LILY in a garden fair
I saw a-blooming white,
But while its petals spreading there
With dew were gleaming bright,
There came a bee of vagrant art
To dally with the flow'r
And stole the sweetness from its heart
Which withered in an hour.

Then blew the ruthless winds that roam
The pleasant gardens round,
And plucked it from its leafy home
And cast it on the ground,
Where every wanton foot might tread
Upon its tender face,
Unmindful of the beauty fled,
Or of its former grace.

I knew a maiden in the morn
Of virtue's priceless worth—
A woman fitted to adorn
The proudest place on earth—
Who trusted in an evil hour
False love's alluring guile,
That took from innocence its pow'r
And from her lips the smile.

It murdered love within her breast,
It dulled her sparkling eyes,
And, robbing slumber of its rest,
It filled her dreams with sighs;

For like the lily, virgin sweet,
That lost its proud estate,
She, at the world's remorseless feet,
Lies dying of its hate.

UNCLE SI.

OLD Uncle Si is as black as a pot,
But his wool is as white as snow,
For he was old Si when I was a tot,
And that has been many years ago;
But he putters around and croons a song,
Through the hottest or the coldest day,
And sure as I happen to pass along
With: "Howdy Uncle Si," he will say:
 "I'se a-libbin along,
 Marse John—
Jes a-libbin along
To-day."

So day after day, as the years go by,
My own feet falter, my hair grows gray,
But crooning around is Old Uncle Si,
In the quaint, old-time darkey way.
And sometimes I tell him we soon must quit
Living along, and sleep neath the sod:
"Yassuh, by-um-by, but we aint gwien yit,"
He replies with a grin and a nod—
 "Fur we's libbin along,
 Marse John—
We's a-libbin a long
T'ank Gawd!"

HER LAST SWEET SONG.

AS gently as the June winds blow,
The night before she died,
I heard her singing sweet and low—
My wife—to be death's bride
So soon—and bloom an angel flower,
And thinking makes me weep,
Of how that solemn midnight hour
She sang her babe to sleep.

I'd heard her singing so before,
To bring her loved ones rest,
But saintly songs of sacred lore
Had never seemed so blest
With loving as that last that fell
From lips so soon to cease
Their music with the silent spell
Of Death's cold kiss of peace.

As soothing to my ears it crept
As if my fancy dreamed
Celestial music while I slept,
For eerie-low it seemed,
As might love's matchless melodies,
From out an angel throat,
At dawn, upon the morning breeze,
In sweetest cadence float.

As plaintive, weird and sweet and soft
As moans the autumn breeze
That grieves among the leaves aloft
The frosted forest trees,

Her gentle voice, as if her soul,
In prayer called to mine
As through the gates of gold it stole
To sing a song divine.

The pathos of that song as sung
The coldest heart would thrill
To hear it were I given tongue
To voice it, or the skill
To sing it with the minstrel's art,
A mournful threnody,
A careless world of calloused heart
Might weep as one with me.

With bleeding, broken heart I still,
May hear that gentle strain,
In dream-like fancy when I will
To think of it again,
For ever through my coming life,
With memory shall abide
That last sweet singing of my wife
The night before she died.

THOUGHTS OF HARVEST DAYS.

IN memories of long ago,
The scented breeze that used to blow
The fragrance of the new mown hay
Across the ways, I feel today,
In fancy and remember,
The harvest lands of far away
In beautiful September.

To mind returns the old farm days
Of autumn when the azure haze,
Upon the hills and o'er the stream,
In veils of vapor, dimmed the gleam
Of sunlight on the meadows,
And made the woodland ways a dream
Of shifting shine and shadows.

Out through the mist of memory
The past is ever fair to see,
"For distance lends enchantment to"
The visual and the mental view,
So of no future dreaming,
Adown the past the sky is blue
And stars of hope still gleaming.

And weary of the ways of men,
I would I were a boy again
Heart-free to rove in orchards old,
Where apples gleam in red and gold
Among the leaves a-quiver,
Or from the school a truant bold
A dreamer by the river.

A WALK IN AUTUMN WOODS.

DOWN dusky aisles of forest trees,
Sweet-scented with the autumn breeze,
My pathway leads by break and fen
Where seldom tread the feet of men;
In trailing robes of clinging vine,
The sturdy oak and stately pine
Are drest, and scarlet, green and gold
Of matchless hue is upward rolled
The wooded hill in splendor.

The mountains in the distance lift
Their misty tops while slowly drift
The clouds beyond them leaving there
A scalloped line of azure where
The sky, wide-arching overhead,
A cloudless sea of blue is spread,
From which on forest, field and streams
In golden glints the sunlight beams
Through hazes soft and tender.

As Scotland's heather, purple-dyed,
The iron-weed blooms far and wide,
By reedy pools and upland glades,
In beauty, while in denser shades,
With drooping plumes of old gold sheen
The yellow golden-rod is seen
Like sheets of flame along the wood
Where aromatic scents exude
From fragrant leaf and flower.

And though as dreaming, yet awake,
A pleasant journey on I make,

Forgetful of the cares behind
That burden either heart or mind;
Enchanted with the varied scene
Of colors, yellow, red and green,
For beauties of the earth and sky
Still lure me on and on as by
 Some mystic, occult power.

OH, HEART BE BRAVE.

THOUGH all the world seem desolate,
 And all of life seem sad,
Obeisant to the will of Fate,
 Oh, heart be glad!
Though troubled all the days of life,
 From cradle to the grave,
Amid the sorrow and the strife,
 Oh, heart be brave!
Through trials, toils and tears,
 For better days to dawn,
Until the last of life's brief years,
 Oh, heart hope on!
Oh, heart! in sadness or in mirth,
 Dream ever of the best,
For done the weary walk of earth,
 There's endless rest.

LATE SEPTEMBER.

THOUGH chilly hints of winter time,
Of snowflakes and the glittering rime,
Now from that far off, colder clime
The icy northland sends us.
The fervid days of summer gone,
The autumn with its charm comes on,
And at the sunset or the dawn
A spell of beauty lends us.

With breaths of mellow, musky air
September passes mild and fair,
Presenting pictures everywhere
Of gaudy colored glory.
Rich-hued in purple, gold and green,
The forest is a varied scene
Of shadow blent with sunny sheen,
As changeful as life's story.

The stubble-land a bronze-hued plain,
Is studded with the shocks of grain
To where the lane divides in twain
The wheatfield and the meadow.
And fleecy clouds go floating by,
Like dewey gossamers on high,
In foam-like flecks across the sky,
That's neither light nor shadow.

Along the streams the muscadines,
In dusky clusters on the vines,

Are ripe and full of fragrant wines,
And too, the nuts are browning
On wooded hilltops where the beams
Of golden sunlight softer gleams,
For nature now with plenty teems,
The harvest season crowning.

As half in sorrow, half in mirth,
September smiles the while the earth,
Moves on to meet the winter's dearth
Of beauty, halting never;
As might a woman fair and sweet
Who, all her charms become complete,
Is waiting with reluctant feet
To walk with age forever.

OCTOBER DAYS.

THE dreamy days have come once more
And sweet October reigns,
A queen of mystic beauty o'er
The mountains and the plains;
And nature's voices seem repressed,
In mute mysterious ways,
To silent, sleep-like, dreamful rest
In still October days.

Rich-hued, in crimson, gold and green
The frosted forest shows
An aspect bright of shifting sheen
With every breeze that blows;
For more in gladness than in grief
The wind of autumn plays
With fading flower and dying leaf
In mild October days.

The sun, the golden god of day,
The dew of morning dries,
As one might kiss the tears away,
From love's sweet weeping eyes,
And leaves along the meadow-field
And on the bronzing wold,
As on the woodlands leafy shield,
A gleaming smile of gold.

The briefer days that sooner bring
The sunset with its dyes
Of matchless hue that take the blue
From out the Western skies,

Have something in them soft and mild
That weaves the heart a maze
Of mem'ries sweet and fancies wild
Of youth's October days.

And though each old and idle dream
And castle-built-in-air,
That to the mind of youth did seem
So wondrous and so fair,
Have long since vanished into naught
There yet with memory stays
The halo of the joys they brought
In old October days.

For as a soul devoid of fear
Goes boldly to the night
Of death, it seems the dying year
Assumes a smile of light,
In tender skies that bend above
The mountain's misty haze,
That ever prompts the heart to love
The sweet October days.

AFTER THE FROST.

INTO the dusky fold of night,
When all the world is sleeping,
A wizard foe to beauty bright
On silent wings comes sweeping.
The doom of leaf and flower, the frost,
And when the dawn is lighting
The world, and all the stars are lost
In day, is seen his blighting.

The melancholy breezes croon
As if the earth were grieving,
And morning glides to meet the noon
Of rainbow colors weaving
Bright figures on the landscape's face,
Where dying leaf and flower
In changing hue reveal apace
The silent frost king's power.

As some magician with his wand
Had changed the blooming meadow
From green to gray, so, too, beyond
The forest with its shadow,
That yesterday was living green,
Today in gaudy glory
Of purple sheen or gold is seen—
As varied as life's story.

The trees are drest in scarlet cloaks
Or robes of golden splendor
Where, from the branches of the oaks
And willows lithe and slender,

Like tangled locks of yellow hair,
The pendant vines are trailing;
While over seas of mellow air
The loosened leaves go sailing.

The lorn wild bird, with eerie strain,
Within the wood is calling,
Where, like the patter of the rain,
The ripened nuts are falling.
The mountains melt into the sky
Above the woodland mazes,
Where mist-wove veils of vapor lie
In blue and tender hazes.

A wondrous scene of lovely kind,
Whose beauty so entrances
It charms the eye, and fills the mind
With vague and dreamy fancies
Whose true import no one might tell,
So vast the number thronging,
For air and sunbeam weave a spell
Of deep intensest longing.

DREAMS OF YOU.

'T WAS dreams of you
That waked in me the slumbering fires;
And all the fervid, mad desires
To do and dare that love inspires
Are dreams of you.

'Twas dreams of you
Made sweet the golden, gladsome days
Of youth. The world with blame nor praise
Could gloom nor gleam life's sunny ways
In dreams of you.

'Tis dreams of you
Makes music through the shadow'd night,
While morning dawns in gladder light,
And fancy floats its farthest flight
In dreams of you.

Still dreams of you!
And if when life's last day is o'er,
And looms the distant darkling shore,
I pass, nor fear the night before—
'Twere dreams of you.

SONG OF THE SOUTH.

LIKE a garden in the splendor,
Of the summer is the South,
With its beauty bright and tender,
And its story from the mouth
Of some master minstrel singer,
Were its love and valor told,
In the minds of men would linger
Like the classic lore of old.

Land of bayou, brake and river,
Of palmetto and of pine,
And of lilled lakes a-quiver,
In the shifting shade and shine,
Where the vine festoons are swinging
From the willows by the stream,
And the mocking-birds are singing
Like the music of a dream.

Land of sun whose beauty brightens
In the summer's afterglow,
When the cotton fiber whitens
To a filmy floss of snow;
And the breeze sings in the mountains,
With a song of mystery,
Like the croon of unseen fountains
Or the moaning of the sea.

Land for which a band of brothers,
Gallant sons and noble sires,
Urged by spartan wives and mothers,
Faced the flames of war's wild fires—

When its history is written
And the tale's on every tongue,
Or some Homer's lyre is smitten
And its deeds in epic sung—
Then with mighty men of olden
On the scroll of Time and Fame's,
Written large in letters golden
Were her galaxy of names—
Like the star-writ page of glory
Of a moonless midnight sky—
For the South in song and story
Is a theme to never die.

NIGHTFALL.

THROUGH mist red as a funeral pyre,
A blood-tint disk of paling fire,
That purple tips the mountain crest,
The sun drops slowly down the west
Unto the ocean dark and vast,
Its tinge of amber fading fast,
From wooded heights that longer cast
Their shadows o'er the meadows.

Then clouds, a crimson mountain range,
In form grotesque, of beauty strange,
Dissolve in air and leave in view
The sky a vault of stainless blue
With countless stars refulgent set,
As earth and heav'n were rivals met
In beauty such as never yet
Were sweeter nor completer.

And down the lane a music swells
As lowing kine with jingling bells
Come trooping home; and from the fields,
Whose new turned sod a perfume yields,
The ploughman calling to his team,
So vague and shadowy, they seem
The airy people of a dream
Home-coming in the gloaming.

Then dusk, a dim and dewy haze
Of shadow, falls and veils the face
Of earth that dreaming seems to lie
Beneath the jewelled arch of sky,

Till softly up the east and bright,
Above the cedar-crested height
Moonrise with rays of silver light
That quiver on the river.

IN WINTER.

IN winter, with its blighting frost,
We think of summer as we might
Of beauty we had loved and lost,
Or of some golden, sweet delight
In days of long ago;
For then the fireside's cheerful gleams
Becomes a place of charm that brings,
In reveries, the sweetest dreams,
And fancy flies on fleeter wings
Than winds that speed the snow.
And memories of other days,
When life was love, and loving truth,
Come glimmering across the ways
That lie in shadow, where in youth
We walked with nimble feet;
For though the tender flowers are dead,
And all the singing, feathered throng
Is from the leafless forest fled,
We dream of summertime and song—
And oh, the dream is sweet!

TO THE POWERS THAT BE.

KEEP on talkin' and a-messin'
In our little scrap with Spain,
Thus your enmity confessin'
In a sort of braggart vein.
Just insist the Yankee nation
Isn't actin' in the right,
And you'll get an invitation
For to help your neighbor fight.

Keep on plottin' in communion
In that underhanded way
'Gainst the Anglo-Saxon Union,
And you'll hear an Eagle bray.
Keep on joinin' by the dozens,
And threatenin' by the score,
Till you ride our English cousins,
And you'll hear a Lion roar.

Better take a spell of poutin',
And be silent as a clam,
Than be shoutin' and a-spoutin'
Of your lickin' Uncle Sam.
For he'll don his fightin' breeches,
While you're knittin' on the clue;
So be mindful of your stitches;
Or there'll be a how-de-do.

Keep on carpin' and a-harpin',
And a-fiddlin' on that string—
How the English-speakin' people
Want to gobble ev'rything—

Of the Keep-shops and the Cobblers,
And I tell you what they'll do;
They are moguls of the gobblers,
And, begob, they'll gobble you.

DAWN LIGHTS.

I SAW the light break through the pale
Of darkness at the dawn, and sweep
Across the mist enshrouded vale,
Asleep in shadow deep.

Then as the gleaming glory spread,
Swift as a startled thief, the night,
With all her sable minions, fled
Before the fleet-winged light.

Oft times a ceaseless sorrow lies,
Life's discontenting shadow, on
The heart a-weary while the eyes
Weep, watching for the dawn.

And swiftly, as the darkness drifts
Before the light's unfolding scroll,
The gracious dawn of love uplifts
The sorrows from the soul.

A MORNING THOUGHT.

I SAW the sun at morning rise,
And watched its golden glints,
In splendor spread across the skies,
With many colored tints
Of amber, gold and purple bright
That decked the pallid blue
Of starless sky with plumes of light,
And then I thought of you—
Of you, sweetheart, of you.

I thought of mountains green and gray,
Whose grandeur is sublime
In beauty where the fountains play
Sweet music like the chime
Of fairy bells in far-off dells,
Where, all the summer through,
The shadows sleep in woodlands deep,
And then I thought of you—
Of you, sweetheart, of you.

In fancy, too, I seemed to see,
In youth's far faded morn,
The olden scenes so dear to me
Where fields of waving corn,
And blossom, bush and meadow lush,
Were wet with fragrant dew,
That glimmered bright in glad sunlight
And then I thought of you—
Of you, sweetheart, of you.

Thus often with the brilliant sheen
Of dawn that heralds day,
I think of some familiar scene
Of home, though far away
Amid the hills by rippling rills,
Where skies are bright and blue,
And then my heart enraptured thrills
Because I think of you—
Of you, sweetheart, of you.

METRICAL WAIFS.

A SUNBEAM through the leaden cloud
I've seen in winter peep,
And gild a snow world's fleecy shroud,
And o'er the landscape sweep
In floods of mellow light that crowns
With gold the hills illumine,
Like smiles of love that follow frowns
The brighter for the gloom.

When sin first marred primeval earth,
And moved the master-mind
To make of beauty, death and dearth
Two things remained behind
Amid the blight of Eden's bow'rs,
Accurst because of sin,
The music of bird song and flow'rs
To prove what might have been.

MY OLD SCRAP BOOK.

SOMEWHERE from the litter and dust of my den,
I have carefully hidden away
A treasured old volume the work of my pen
In recording my life in its May.
A whimsical jumble of fable and truth,
Of the trifles as light as the air,
That vary the mind of a light-hearted youth
With a smile and a tear here and there.

'Tis an old scrap-book that is yellow with age,
And is falling to pieces with time,
But it shadows forth my life's brightest stage,
Its hopes and dreams recorded in rhyme.
Too foolish, I know, for the eyes of the world,
Yet too sacred to me for the flames,
I hide it away from the light of the day,
With its rhyme-written treasure of names.

The names of my friends and the tokens so dear
That in friendship were given to me;
Mementoes of love I behold with a tear,
And of follies I smile but to see,
The trace of a face in a dark silhouette,
Or in the shadowy art of Daguerre's;
Of cedar a sprig and some dried mignonette
That is crumbling to dust with the years.

A ribbon of blue in remembrance of Sue,
And a book-mark from fair Caroline;
A dead, faded rose and a sweet billet-doux,
With curl of her hair, silken fine,

From Nellie, of whom, in her beauty and bloom,
I believed in my heart's inner core
It better the gloom of the cold silent tomb
Than to live when she loved me no more.

So I find it a part of memory's chain,
With its links of the leaden and gold,
Connecting the life of today with its pain
To the glory and gladness of old;
A boquet of bloom from the garden of dreams,
In the freshness and fragrance of dawn,
All redolent bright with the roseate gleams
Of the light of the days that are gone.

THE LITTLE HAND OF YOU.

(Lines to E. L.)

THE sweetest I have ever known,
The little hand of you,
Conjoined so often with my own
In friendship fond and true—
Dear, little hand—sweet little hand!
No tongue might ever tell
Its tender touch so glad and grand—
The hand I love so well !

So soft and dainty, yet so strong,
By magic might it seems
To lead me, helpless thrall, along
The rosy road of dreams—
Dear little hand—sweet little hand!
Its gentle clasp a spell
That thrills the heart with rapture grand—
The hand I love so well.

To memory so dear always!
Remembered through the years,
In all the ways and all the days,
In laughter and in tears—
Dear little hand—sweet little hand!
In thought I love to dwell
Forever where my heart is, and—
The hand I love so well.

The shapely hand of you afar,
So beautiful, so slight,
As tender as the roses are,
And like the lilies white.

The bravest knight of any land
Would kiss--and never tell--
The little hand--the comely hand,
The hand I love so well!

THE BETTER DAYS.

AS down the shadowed vale of life,
Through doubts we blindly grope,
In all of sorrow and of strife
The heart will cling to hope--
Will cling to hope when health is gone,
For through life's gloomy ways
It leads us on to meet the dawn
Of brighter, better days.

When friends forsake us and our cups
Of sorrow overflow,
'Tis hope alone that cheers us up
And bids us onward go--
That bids us onward, upward strive;
Through grief's bewildering haze,
Until our weary feet arrive
Where dawn the better days.

When sweetest love has proved unkind,
And all seems dark and sad,
The light of hope alone we find
Can ever make us glad.
In loss or gain, in joy or pain,
Sweet hope forever stays
The heart that struggles on to gain,
The brighter, better days.

A SHADOW ON THE WALL.

BEFORE a friendly fire aglow
For all within around,
Reminded by the falling snow
And storm-winds eerie sound,
I conjure visions up that tell
Of youth's glad winter nights,
And, rapt in recollections spell,
Recall their sweet delights.

For winter nights were free from care
In youth's glad, golden time,
When by the fireside gathered were
A father in his prime,
A sweet faced mother smiling, bland
And, merry at their play,
A group of happy children—and
A grandsire, old and gray.

The father read, the mother knit,
And while the woodfire gleamed
The youngsters laughed with merry wit
As grandsire smoked and dreamed—
Ah, me! but there come pictures rare,
Yet best of all the train
Is grandsire with his snow-white hair
And pipe of cob and cane.

If toasting chestnuts where the heat
Fell on the broad hearthstone,
Or mellow apples ripe and sweet,
As red-cheeked as our own,

Then grandser sat with silent tongue,
But smiling on us all
The while the fitful firelight flung
His shadow on the wall.

In silhouette, the figure seemed,
Grotesque in constant change,
As if of something one had dreamed,
Phantasmal quaint and strange,
But joining in with jolly glee,
He loudest cheered of all,
Not knowing we rejoiced to see
His shadow on the wall.

As grandser's nose was large and long,
And pipe stem thin and short,
The contrast was in profile strong
And we in childish sport
Would peep in through the open door,
While huddled in the hall,
To watch it grow a yard or more
In shadow on the wall.

With anecdote or counsel sage,
He gave us oft at night
The wisdom of his ripe old age
To guide our lives aright,
But though as true as gospel law
His homilies would fall
On ears unheeding if we saw
The shadow on the wall.

If merry tales the good man told,
Brimful of spice and fun
About the things "in days of old"
That he had seen or done,

We listened then with gleeful soul
And on the floor would sprawl,
Convulsed with laughter for so droll—
The shadow on the wall.

We loved him for his noble heart
And when the shadow fell,
Of death that told us we apart
From him through life must dwell,
Reflecting on the mischief that
Was then beyond recall
We wept, who'd smiled so often at
His shadow on the wall.

He's sleeping now where ivy grows,
And summer roses bloom
And where in winter time the snows
Lie cold upon the tomb;
But on my heart, as time swift flies,
In pleasure, pain and all,
My dear old grandser's shadow lies
As once upon the wall.

EOLUS.

EOLUS dwells among the groves,
A restless sprite that ever roves
On viewless wings around;
And in the day of shining light,
Or in the sombre gloom of night,
His vibrant songs resound.

Low, wordless songs, divinely soft,
His harp of needle plays aloft
The spicy pines, a-tune
To pathos, as a lover sighs,—
Sweet as the sleepy lullabys
A mother loves to croon.

When south winds blow in balmy spring
Where blossoms on the branches swing,
And all the woods around
Are tuneful with the singing bird,
Eolus' eerie harp is heard
In drowsy, dreamful sound.

When summer fragrance fills the air,
And nature all is green and fair,
His gentle voice awakes
A murmur in the tender leaves
That for the spirit tho' it grieves
The sweetest music makes.

When autumn nights are growing chill,
With hints of frost upon the hill,
 Where cold the mist-wraith flies,
An augury of death that grieves,
Eolus in the crisping leaves
 A wailing banshee cries.

When winter raves with angry shout
Till winds have blown their fury out,
 Eolus flutes again
Among the needles and the cones
Of pine in wierd unearthly tones
 A melancholy strain.

HOW FLOWS THE BROOK.

FROM the tiniest of fountains,
Up among the misty mountains,
To a rivulet it swells;
Winding down among the mosses
Till a pebbly shoal it crosses
'Twixt the woody slopes and dells
Where it ripples as the meter
Of a measured song and sweeter
Than a chime of silver bells.

Over sunken boulders swirling,
By the ferny places purling
Where the lazy turtles dream;
Like a serpent in the grasses
Thro' the reedy marsh it passes
To a stiller, broader stream,
Where the great mill-wheel is turning
To a spray the waters churning,
Flashing with a rainbow gleam.

Then by corn fields softly gliding,
In the alder copses hiding
Its slender silver thread;
Thro' the meadows slowly creeping,
From the tangled grasses peeping
At the blue sky overhead;
Then a lake that lies a-dreaming,
With its bosom white and gleaming,
Where the snowy lilies spread.

Thence it onward flows forever
To the broad and shining river,
 With a joyful song of glee;
Thro' the tufts of wiry rushes
And the drooping willow bushes,
 Flowing softly, flowing free—
If we're waking or we're sleeping,
If we're smiling or we're weeping,
 Fares it to the gray old sea.

THE QUERY.

WHAT would you say,
 If some sweet day,
I should kneel down at your feet
And there confess
I loved you best
Of all the world, my sweet?

(WHAT SHE SAID.)

If you should kneel
So low, I'd feel
That you were never the one
To win my heart,
By any art,
Were it ever so lightly done.

KEPT HIS WORD.

A STOKER on the steamer "Swan"
Was Windy Pete or Peter Vaughn
A lover, too, of whiskey
This fireman had a wordy way
Of having out his little say,
But on the boat the standing joke
Was "Windy's" words went up in smoke
That trusting him was risky.
His vaunting vows were sure to be
The subjects for a smile but he
Was wont to say: "You fellows
Have got an idy here aboard
That I could never keep my word;
That I'm a stranger to the truth;
A wayback liar from my youth,
A bag of wind, a bellows.
"But by the gods of holy smoke
Some day I'll turn about the joke
And then you'll see your error."
So thus from time to time he swore
He'd do some dreadful deed before
The day was over, something mad,
But Windy's empty vauntings had
In them for us no terror.
Once having had an extra cup
He swore; "I'll blow this cussed steamboat up
The hull caboodle in it,"
But not a man among the crew
Who paid the least attention to

The threat, but smiling, winked and said
Old Pete is blowing off his head
To ease his mind a minute.

And yet he tied the "pop valves" down
And raised the steam five hundred pounds,
When crash! without a warning,
The steam escaped with thunder-boom,
The boilers blown to "Kingdom Come,"
And then the remnant of that crew
Alive though shocked and shaken knew
He'd kept his word that morning.

SUMMER NIGHT.

HARK, the whip-poor-will is calling
 On the hill;
And the dewy mists are falling
 'Round the rill;
Downward drop the dusky shadows,
 Gray the gloom
Of the twilight on the meadows,
 Bright in bloom.

Filmy, as if fairy fingers
 Limned the light
On the sky, the sunset lingers,
 Brilliant, bright
Pencilings that fading slowly
 Melt and mark
Marge of earth and sky as lowly
 Drops the dark.

In the gloaming booms the river
 Faint and far;
With a light that seems to quiver,
 Shines a star
To the westward, while the clover
 Spirit steals
In a matchless odor, over
 From the fields.

For the tale of day is ended;
 Ever ends
Thus the book so bright and splendid,
 Summer sends;

And the night of marv'ulous mystery,
Dark and deep,
Then—that none may read—her history
Seals in sleep.

ALONE BY THE SEA.

ALONE on the sands by the sea one night
I lay looking up at the sky,
And the cold star-worlds, so far and so bright,
Gleaming down from their spheres on high.
With a ripple and splash the old, old sea
Rolled restless and troubled, I thought,
And its voice, the voice of eternity,
Spoke not of rest my sad soul sought.
A dread crept in on my heart, there alone,
In the gloom on the sounding shore,
And my conscience spoke, in a thunder tone,
At thoughts of my life gone before;
For all came back in a moment of time—
The past, the rights and wrongs of years;
And I felt to my soul a warning sublime
Was that feeling of hopes and fears.
I thought of the times in the by-gone days
When I feared not judgment nor doom—
When tired of the world and its sorrowful ways
I had longed for the quiet tomb.
But there came to me then a warning deep,
Out there with the stars and the sea,
And I felt the rest of eternal sleep.
Were now never enough for me.

I thought of the universe, great and small,
And of its weak atom called man—
Of the heights and depths and glory of all
As compared with a life's short span;
And I prayed in that consecrated place
That the will of the great Unknown
Would give to me more than this life's brief space—
Would grant immortality's boon.

LINES TO ONE THAT DIED.

I STAND upon the bridge today—
 Alone, and lost in weeping,
 I watch the waters glide away
 Adown the valley, sleeping
 Beneath the blue and cloudless sky
 Of sunny summer weather,
 As when in happy days gone by
 We wandered here together.
 The maples whisper overhead,
 Below the waters quiver,
 While living green the meadows spread
 Beside the shining river.
 The trailing vines, that fringe the trees
 With garlands green, are blooming,
 Their flowers fair the passing breeze
 With fragrance sweet perfuming.
 The landscape near, afar and fair,
 Presents a scene of gladness
 Enrobed in beauty everywhere,
 And yet my heart with sadness
 Recalls the happy days of old
 That passed in love laughter,
 Not dreaming in the sunshine's gold
 Of shadows coming after.
 For we, when sweethearts, often here
 Retold the old, old story,
 And planned a future bright and clear
 With naught to gloom its glory,

And then the murmur of the stream
That meet our laughter ringing
Was like the music of a dream
When youth of love is singing.

But thinking here today alone,
So hopeless seems the morrow,
In threnodies it seems to moan
As if it shared my sorrow ;
And as I watch the ripples play
Across the tide in motion
It bears my falling tears away
A tribute to the ocean.

A MID-WINTER DREAM.

THO' it's winter I dream
Of a serpentine stream,
With its wimple and gleam,
By the hill ;
And the low humming sound
Of the wheels whirling round
Where the corn's being ground
At the mill.

Of the ferns by the pond,
With their feathery frond ;
And the meadows beyond
Purple drest,
Where the water flows by
With a glimpse of the sky
In a picture awry
On its breast.

Of the shadowy pall
That is thrown over all
By the forest trees tall
On its brink,
Till the ford cleaves a breach
Through the birches and beech
That the cattle must reach
Ere they drink.

Of the grass green and rank,
Where I dream on the bank
Of the pool dark and dank,
While I look

At my rod with a wish
For the tremulous swish
Of the line when a fish
Takes the hook.

Of the old rustic bridge
And the hazelly hedge
Drooping over the edge
Of the road—
And the long winding lane,
With a slow moving train,
Where the country bred swain,
With his goad,
Drives the oxen by twain,
In a hay-laden wain,
Or the yellow-sheaved grain
For a load.

O'er the wide stubble land
To that bridge, wooden-spanned,
Where a-dreaming I stand,
Softly sweet,
On the breeze from the vale,
Sounds the call of the quail
And the fall of the flail
On the wheat.

But the sounds die away
At the close of the day,
And the purple turns gray
In the west,
For the fields lying white
In the silvery light
Of the moon shining bright
Seem to rest.

Yet the stream, gliding slow
With a murmuring low,
In a shimmering bow
 By the hill,
Flows to the far sea coast
While I look from my post
At the moonshiny ghost
 Of the mill.

THE PLAIN OF THE WORLD.

OH, sing us a song, happy singer!
 A song of lightsomeness and glad,
To cheer up the grieved and the weary,
 For the heart of the world is sad.
Give us a strain of martial music;
 A strain replete of life and fire,
That throbs with a joy through the senses
 Like the quivering strings of the lyre.

Thus the plaint of the world, unthinking,
 Cries up in selfishness of woe,
While hid in the breast of the singer
 Are griefs that the world may never know.
For it dreams not the bard could sorrow
 And bear in silence his part—
Or could know in the grave low lieth,
 With his own, the glad singer's heart.

A SONG BY 'SEPHUS.

OH, de white man allus singin'
Ob de fiel's ob growin' wheat,
An' de mocker's songs a-ringin'
W'en de woodlan's smellin' sweet;
Ob de blossom's on de clover,
An' de dewdrap on de rose,
Wid a sweetness brimmin' over,
Whar de bee fer honey goes.

An' he chune de lyre—he call it—
Fer to sing about de cha'm
Ob a country life an' all at
Is belong about a fa'm;
An' he says de poet's duty
Is to sing a song in praise
Ob de springtime wid its buty,
Or de sunny summer days.

In de spring a niggah's lazy,
An' de appertite is po',
While in summer hot an' blazy,
He is nebber got no show
To enjoy hese'f a-sleepin';
Fer de skeeters, flies an' t'ings
Cum a-bitin' an' a-creepin,
Or a-buzzin wid de wings.

So ole 'Sephus chune de fiddle,
An' he rawzum up de bow,
Fer to frolic 'roun' a liddle
W'en de summer time's no mo';

An' he sing a song ob falltime,
An' de sog'um-makin' days,
Dat am sweetes', best ob all time
Wid de candy-pullin' plays.

I ain't care fer bee ner blossom
W'en de wheat is at de mill,
Nur fer birds at all we'n possum
Is a-fittin' fer to kill—
We'n de pumpkin's gittin' yellor,
An' de nuts am turnin' brown,
Wid de apples ripe an' meller
An a-fallin' to de grown'.

W'en de fros' mek sweet de 'simmon,
Dat is hangin' high an' ripe,
Or de yam pertater's swimmin'
In de gravy wid de tripe—
Cose I wants my sins fergibbin'
Des bekase salvation's free,
But to eat an' dream of hebbin
Is glory ernuff fer me.

FALL DAYS ON THE FARM.

I LOVE the mellow days of fall,
When apples and the peach
Are rosy ripe, and o'er the wall
The grape fruit hangs in reach.
'Tis then the ripened nuts drop down,
And then I long to be
On sunny days, out from the town
To rove the forest free.

I love the sombre woodland scenes
Of quietness and shade,
The fern and moss-emborder'd streams
That sap the flower'd glade.
I love the hills where wind-whip't spray
In blue wreathes curl and rise,
And lofty mountains grim and gray,
Whose summits kiss the skies.

I love the merry haying days,
When the jolly farmer mows,
And low the fragrant clover lays
Beside the brook that flows
It's way with gentle murmur through
The copse of alder wood,
And steals way down the meadow view
To swell the river's flood.

I love the farm of fertile fields,
With golden grain replete;
The soften'd charm the gloaming wields
When cow bells jingle sweet—

The moon on high, the starry sky,
When by the winding lane,
On frosty nights when breezes sigh,
The rustics grind the cane.

I love to see the sorghum mill
Pour out the nectar sluice,
Or slyly loiter at my will
Around the boiling juice;
To watch the red-lipp'd country maid,
With blue and laughing eyes,
Who deftly wields a wooden spade
When amber bubbles rise

I love such scenes and love them well,
Because they fill my heart
With memories, the which to tell
Make happy tear drops start—
Because far down by vanished life,
Safe shelter'd from all harm,
I see myself and little wife
When sweethearts on the farm.

THE FAIR MUSICIAN.

I WATCH her as she plays alone
A girl of gentle grace—
The light, thro' filmy curtains thrown,
Falls on her faultless face;
And half in shadow, half in gleam,
She seems a thing divine,
As might a master painter's dream
An angel form design.

She sings—her voice is low and sweet,
As from the mock-bird's throat;
And from her fingers falling fleet
The music seems to float,
In melodies of love or grief,
That sets the heart of woe
A-tremble like the pendant leaf
When summer breezes blow.

Low, dreamful, with a cadence soft,
A minor strain is done,
And then her fingers held aloft
A moment ere they run
A gleeful score, in rapt accord,
Like flights of snowy bees
That flit and flash along the board
To kiss responsive keys.

At last a song of sacred lore
Her lips breathe forth a spell,
Like music from that sinless shore
Where saints immortal dwell;

Then I forget my earthly dole
Of sorrow and of wrong
For up to heaven's height my soul
Is lifted with the song.

LIFE'S PROBLEM.

IN working simple problems out,
Whereof I knew the rule,
I often got my answers wrong
When I was in the school;
The master then would kindly say:
"To make the matter plain,
We'll rub the figures out, my lad,
And do the sum again."

So reckoning our words and deeds,
The sum of life to state,
We often find the problems wrong
As on the school-boy's slate,
And therefore in the sum of life,
It's pleasures and it's pain,
We'd gladly blot the figures out
And cast them up again.

SONG O' MOONLIGHT MEMORIES.

THE landscape in the dewy night,
 Beneath the pallid moon,
Is ghostly, like the specter white
 Of some sweet summer noon;
While over all a witching spell
 The mystic dream-light throws,
The vagrant breezes pass that tell
 Of having kissed the rose.

In mono-song, the whip-poor-wills
 Are singing by the stream,
Where in the shadow of the hills
 The twinkling fireflies gleam;
And like a tented field at night,
 Wan, spectral in the gloom,
The dark wildwood is dappled white
 With dots of dogwood bloom.

And flowing slow the river moans
 Afar off, faint and low,
As if in weird, unearthly tones,
 The bells of long ago;
And then the moonlight scenes of yore,
 Phantasmal in their train,
Return to thrill me as before
 With pleasure half a pain.

For as with current deep and strong,
 By tangled copse and brake,
The singing water sweeps along,
 Strange, solemn thoughts awake,

As if the bells of memory
Were tolling sad and slow
The death of happy dreams for me
In loves of long ago.

THE VOICE AT MANILA.

AT far Manila by the sea,
The sleeping Spaniard lay,
And dreamed his foe was cowardly,
And still was far away.
What sound was it that came at morn,
What voice their slumbers broke?
Nor crack-o-doom, nor judgment horn—
'Twas Dewey's cannon spoke.
"Thus we remember Cuba's wrongs,
Her unoffending slain;
Her ruined homes, her starving throngs,
Our seamen of the Maine.
Thus we avenge defenseless ones
To death untimely hurled,"
Said Dewey's guns, in thunder tones,
That echoed 'round the world.

A SONG OF AUTUMN.

IT is fall time and I'm dreaming,
Of the forest with its dyes,
Many colored brightly gleaming,
In the sunlight from the skies;
And I see no signs of sadness
Through the tender autumn haze,
For it fills my heart with gladness
As in childhoods happy days.

And my fancy goes a rover,
From the busy marts of town
Through the dreamy hazes over
All the woods and meadows brown,
Where the yellow leaves are shining,
In the sunlight and the trees
With the slender vines entwining
Wave as banners in the trees.

By the charms of autumn bidden,
In a careless walk and slow,
Down a pathway that is hidden
By the fallen leaves I go;
And the breezes seem to whisper
In a gentle loving talk,
Making every leaf a lisper
To me on my lonely walk.

Sounds are heard as voices calling,
And as feet that lightly tread,
Where the ripened nuts are falling,
And the frosted leaves are dead,

As if spirits from the goodlands
Of the Red men passed away.
Haunted yet their native woodlands
In the bright autumnal day.

And in silent thought I ponder,
Heedless how the moments fly,
For as onward still I wander
Where the denser shadows lie,
Something seems abroad that fills me
With a nameless, sweet delight,
For the autumn's beauty thrills me
As no other season's might.

COLUMBIA WEEPS.

DEATH that loves a shining target,
Through the traitor-demon's hands
Often strikes the best and greatest
Men of this and other lands;
And alas! by deeds resulting
From the foul assassin's plan,
Thrice we've mourned a murdered Chieftain
In the memory of man.

Late in palace and in hovel,
Where that prince or pauper dwell,
There was universal prayer,
For a man all loved so well.
While the Master takes him from us,
Let it not as cruel seem
That a nation's tears and prayers
May not change the Will supreme.

Truly great our latest martyr,
Not in warlike deeds of blood,
But the true and best exemplar
Of a ruler just and good;
For the patriot, McKinley,
Hero true as ever bled
In defence of faith or country,
Now is numbered with the dead.

Now the weary watch is over,
And the Christian spirit flown,
Called of heaven to its Maker,
Full of honors to the Throne;

Yea, the faithful vigil's ended,
And the people weep as one;
Weep as might a widowed mother
For a loved and only son.

And the widow's heart is breaking
While her hero husband sleeps—
Sleeps the sleep that knows no waking—
And Columbia with her weeps;
For we loved him as a brother,
He that sleeps in sainted rest,
And we mourn him as no other
Than a friend the truest, best.

And in common heartfelt sorrow
North or South or East or West—
Neither feels its loss as greatest—
One is mourning with the rest;
For we all had learned to love him
For his noble earnest plea
That a once divided nation
In a stronger union be.

So, our former strife forgotten,
Out across the vanished years,
We extend the hand of friendship,
All relenting in our tears;
All relenting and forgiving
Love and sympathy we send
To our grieving Northern brothers,
For the South has lost a friend.

A SONG OF THE BROOK.

IF you have ever dreamed beside
A limpid woodland stream,
And watched its crystal waters glide,
A silver flood a-gleam
With shifting shafts of trembling light
That dappled through the trees
The shadows on its bosom bright,
Aquiver with the breeze.

Or loitered by the dimpled pool
Where cattle came to drink,
And lain within the shadows cool
Along its grassy brink;
Or heard the lullaby it sings
When there with hook and line,
Then you will understand the things
That prompt this verse of mine.

For I have spent my sweetest days
Lone wandering in the woods,
Along the winding waterways
Of sombre solitudes;
There heard the tinkling tones it made
O'er pebble-studded ground,
As if a fairy harp were played
Of dulcet, dreamful sound.

And on its breast reflected seen
The sky's unclouded blue,
And often in the summer been
A spell-bound listener to

Its roaring cataract that rolled
O'er beetling steeps of stone
In brilliant bubbles manifold
Whereon the rainbow shone.

And on its shady banks where bent,
The willow boughs above,
Full many happy hours I've spent
In dreaming dreams of love,
Bright as the meteoric gleam
The minnows flashed below,
As silver darts, athwart the stream,
Shot from an unseen bow.

Back to the old familiar brooks
My fancy fleetly wings,
For to their cool and shady nooks
My memory sweetly clings;
And I would feel the charm again
Of days that fled so fast,
For heart was in the future then
And now it's in the past.

DAWN, NOON AND SUNSET.

THE morning breaks in splendor,
With brilliant tints and fair,
That bright the hazes render,
As though my sweetheart's hair
In silken folds were streaming,
By gentle breezes blown
To tangled gold, and gleaming,
With sun and star light strewn.

When all the clouds have drifted,
At noonday from the skies,
My gaze is upward lifted
As if my sweetheart's eyes
Were beaming bright above me
In blue and tender light,
And questioned: "Do you love me,
With heart and soul aright?"

And when the sunset blushes
And tints the shining west
With rosy light that flushes
On cloud and mountain crest,
'Tis like a red rose blowing
From which the dew drop drips,
Or like, with kisses glowing,
My sweetheart's tender lips.

So sunset, noon or morning,
Though skies may gloom or gleam,
With glory all adorning,
I see and of her dream—

Her beauty's all completeness,
Her lips, her eyes, her hair
And all the untold sweetness
That makes her face so fair.

WHEN LOVE WAS KIND.

WHEN love was kind, if you had known
Dear heart, that bitterness
Would come to us when yours had flown
Would you have loved me less?
And if the gloomy veil were rent,
And all things as before;
And happiness again were lent,
Say, would I love you more?
When love was kind and youth, dear heart,
Lent blessings on your years,
Could we have gladder been, apart
From love's sweet hopes and fears?
Nay, nay—we'd then love's richest store,
A love full free and blind,
And life, nor death, were less nor more
Than bliss when love was kind.

A FALLEN HERO.

OLD Soldier Samuel Picklesaur,
Would set an' splavigate
Of how he faced the leaden hail,
From airly morn till late;
Through scenes of blood and thunder,
'Till flesh 'ud creep with wonder,
And one would think 'twas he preserved
The Union an' our State.

He told of how he fit the "Rebs,"
In fur off Dixie Land,
An' piled the fields with Southern dead
Like leaves upon the strand;
An' hours an' hours he rattled
Of how he bravely battled,
An', Zounds, the bluff he had on us
Wuz jist immensely grand.

He drewed a monthly pension frum
The guvurnment in "tin,"
An' loafed around the bar-rooms whar
He took his nip of gin.
One day when he wuz gassin,
His lady wuz a-passin'
An' she heard him to the street,
An' she boldly sauntered in;
An' the way she went fur war-hoss Sam
I tell you wuz a sin.

She whacked him on the noddle hard,
She bumped him with a brick;
She tript and rolled him on the floor
A sort of double-quick—
She riled him and she spiled him
She tore his clothes an' siled 'em,
An' when that female quit old Sam
Wuz looking purty sick.

His glory now is flukered out,
Jist like a fallen star,
An' fightin' stock o' Sam has dropt
To zero pint frum par,
Fur people's got to knowin'
Old Sam has been a-blowin',
An' they call him "Windy Sam"
When he mentions of the war.

PICKIN' DE GEESE IN DE SKY.

W'EN snow-fleeks is fallin', an' kibbrin de groun',
An' de win' is a-whistlin' a chune
De shingles is dance, wid a wing-flappin' soun',
On de roof in de dark o' de moon,
Us chilluns remembah de story what's tol'
O' de 'oman dat lib up'n high,
Who lazy aroun' twell de weathah is col'
Fur a-pickin' her geese in de sky.

Aunt Judy-Lou telled us a long time ago,
Dat a 'oman waz lib in a cloud
Who feeded her geese on de ice stid o' dough,
An' de snow wuz deyr fedders she 'lowed;
An' nobody know what her name is I guess,
But dey say w'en de snow 'gins ter fly
'De little ol' 'oman who's lazy is dess
Went ter pickin' her geese in de sky.

De Jack-rabbit crawls in a big hollah log,
An' de kittypuss stay by de fire,
An' chickenses walk lak a ol' yollah dog
W'en he's hurted his foot wid a bri'r.
De pattidges hunt fur a wa'm stack o' straw,
An' "potter-rack" de ginny-hens cry,
W'ile li'l pigs huddle an' squeel fur deyr ma
W'n she's pickin' her geese in de sky.

De clouds is a kin' o' a crinkled black,
As dey rolies an' frolics erbout,
De win' w'ispers low down de ol' chimly stack,
Den he scamper away wid a shout.

De ceda' trees w'eeze lak a w'eel wantin' greased,
An' de pine-needles mo'n an' dey sigh,
But de pickanimy tickled fur he's pleased
We'n she's pickin' her geese in de sky.

THE WIND AMONG THE PINES.

ALL through the bright autumnal day,
By reed and fern along the way,
The waters gently flow;
While lisping in an unknown tongue
The breezes come and go,
And as a lullaby were sung,
The pines croon soft and low.
Than autumn winds the pines among,
No sweeter songs were ever sung
By mocking birds that wing
About the groves—nor by the streams
That babble by the spring,
For like the songs a lover dreams
In plaintive tones they sing.
Imagination! call it so,
But loving songs of long ago,
In sweetest cadence ring—
As music slips from lovers' lips,
Or tender caroling
Of wild birds when the wind is heard
Among the pines to sing.

THE LAST KISS.

(A Parody.)

I PUT by the half written challenge
While the pen feebly held in my grip
Writes on: "Had I courage to send it
Who would read it or who care a flip"
But the bustle of hastening footsteps
At the parting of lips in the hall,
And the scramble and scrap in the darkness
Cry up to me over it all.

So I leave it alone, and, forsaking
The sad, tangled skein of my scheme,
Tell of how as one night I was courting
When something broke in on my dream—
An ugly, suspicious, old meddler,
My darling's own dad with the cold
Of the snow in his heart, and the bulky
Big boots of the bandits of old.

A big-fisted man and I shuddered,
"For was it a moment like this,"
I thought when he knew I was taking
My leave and—and a good night kiss,
To come thundering in unexpected,
And putting my prowess to scorn,
Go swearing away like a fury
To the art of profanity born.

Lord pity the state of my feelings
From the hurts I received in the fray,
And take from my bad battered visage
The numberless bruises away—

Take, Lord, from memory forever
The thought of his powerful feet—,
And the twist-o'-neck that he gave me
When he hustled me out on the street.

So I put by the half written challenge,
While the pen, feebly held in my grip,
Writes on: "Had I courage to send it
Who would read it or who care a flip?"
But the bustle of hastening footsteps,
At the parting of lips in the hall,
And the scramble and scrap in the darkness
Cry up to me over it all.

WHEN NELLIE SINGS.

WHEN Nellie smiles her matchless eyes
Light up as gleaming through
A rift of cloud, the summer skies
Illumed in tender blue.
But lovely smiles and eyes that beam,
And lips that vie with spring's
Red roses vanish in a dream
Of sound when Nellie sings.

For Nellie's tones in gladness rise
And dulcet rondels ring
As 'twere a strain from paradise
When choirs seraphic sing.
In quavering, quaint sweet psalmody
Her witching notes they float
As songs of matchless melody
From out an angel throat.

When songs of sorrow Nellie sings,
Her threnodies remind
One of the sweep of unseen wings
Or of the moaning wind.
Weird as the genii of despair
In anguished wail and sob,
Her eerie strains float on the air,
A tear in every throb.

But songs of love sweet Nellie sings,
In low and liquid trills,
So like a lyre whose trembling strings
At every quaver thrills,

She breathes a wave of mellow tones,
So silvery sweet and fine,
No rapt and listening ear but owns
Her monodies divine.

FATE.

'T WAS years ago—not yester nor today
That youth, my sweet, was yours and mine,
And yet your memory's thrilling, dear, for aye,
Oh, vanished days of lost sunshine!

We met, and drifting calmly down life's stream,
So glad for one brief day were we,
As over the tide, in a blissful dream,
We sailed on to a troubled sea.

We loved. In happy hours I kissed your lips
As south winds touch the rose tree's child;
Or as from honied flow'rs the wild bee sips;
And bathed in beauty when you smiled.

We parted then in anger; nay in pain,
'Twas fate—"God's will and well," you said—
And never will blossom for us again
Love's stricken flow'r, faded and dead.

MY DREAMS OF THE SOUTH.

(To F. S. W.)

DURING boyhood in the mountains,
Of the South I often dreamed,
And the willow leaves a-quiver
Where the moonlit waters gleamed;
Of the live oaks and the cypress
By the lonely, dark lagoons,
And the Spanish mosses trailing
Down in silvery festoons.

Dreamed of fields of cane and cotton,
Where the darkies sang by day,
And the tinkle of their banjos
In the gloaming shadows gray;
Of the planter's stately mansion
In an Eden full of bloom,
Where the breezes rolled in billows
Like a sea of sweet perfume.

And I dreamed of lovely women
Dark of eye with raven hair,
Hedged about with fount and flower,
And with all that's sweet and fair.
Dreamed their voices were as gentle
As the murmur of a stream,
While their lives in love and laughter
Passed as sweetly as a dream.

While I grew apace to manhood,
Warring oft with want and care,
Still my dreams were ever with me
Of the Sunny South so fair;

So I drifted with my fancies,
Ere my heart was old and cold,
To that dreamed-of land of beauty,
As a miser might for gold.

I have seen the fields of cotton
At the harvest and in bloom,
And I've heard the darkies crooning
In the morning and at noon.
I have heard the breezes murmur
In the fragrant groves of pine,
And the mocking bird a-singing
With a heart a-tune to mine.

While my heart remains yet loyal
To the country of my youth,
I am deeper still enchanted
With the Sunny South, in truth,
For the olden dreams and golden
That of it my boyhood knew,
Charm me with the all-completeness
Of my sweetest dream come true.

THE BADGE OF THE BRAVE

(Lines to a Confederate Veteran Wearing the Cross of Honor.)

I MEET him and note that the cross that he wears
On his breast is the badge of the brave,
And mark that a sleeve of his coat empty bears
Witness, too, of the price that he gave;
An arm, in defense of the place of his birth—
Dixie Land—and the old "Rebel Yell"
Again seems to startle the powers of earth
With the deeds of a nation that fell.

That emblem recalls me a vision today
Of a host in a struggle sublime
When courage was proved by the carnage and fray
In the cause of our sweet sunny clime.
For all gallant sons of the war-god Mars
None has better fought, and few so well
As the soldier who followed the Stars and Bars
"Of the storm-cradled nation that fell."

I see in his visage the type of his race,
And as sadly his features I scan,
I read in the pride-written look on his face
That he's worthy the cross of his clan—
That honor is ever alive in his breast
For the battle-scarred veteran may tell
The tale of the heroes, the bravest and best,
"Of the storm-cradled nation that fell."

But I see in the man a remnant, alas!
Of the troopers who fought for the right
In legions of honor whose glory shall pass
Not, but ever in lustre more bright

Illumine the pages where valor is told,
For no story of deeds is to tell
More brave than is told of the patriot bold
"Of the storm-cradled nation that fell."

LIFE'S DAY.

AT morning when the heart was young,
And life's long day before me lay,
Ambition sung with siren tongue
To lure me on the way.
Though swiftly fled the morning beams,
No fleeting moment passed too soon
That sped me onward in my dreams
Toward the shining noon.
The ardent light of midday bright
That seemed so far yet fair came by,
And then its beauty palled as might
False love and with a sigh,
I with the shadows turned my face
And looked toward the vanished dawn,
But fate, with stern, relentless pace,
Still led me on and on.
Then swiftly as the swallows fleet
Before the scudding blast,
My feet were hurried on to meet
The frowning eve at last—
The sunset charmed me for awhile,
With splendid gleams of rainbow light,
But while it mocked me with a smile
Day faded into night.

DREAMS O' SUMMER.

THOUGH it's winter I'm dreaming
Of the summertime today,
With its stubblefields a-gleaming,
And the perfume of the hay;
Where the wind, a restless rover,
Lisping, whispers to the bees
In the tangled tufts of clover
And the blossoms on the trees.

Dreaming of the musky meadows,
And the bobwhite's eerie call;
Of the woodland's dusky shadows,
And the dapples where they fall
From the leafy branches swinging,
O'er the lazy old mill stream,
As it flows, forever singing,
Like a lover half a-dream.

Dream of dewy twilight falling,
Or the moonlight calm and still,
Where the whip-poor-will is calling
From the shadows on the hill;
And the drowsy, dreamlike tinkle
Of the cowbells in the lane,
Where the firefly tapers twinkle
Like a "jack-o'-lantern" rain.

Dream of breeze-blown roses swaying
By the garden walks at home,
Where the dear old folks are praying
For their wayward own that roam;

And are watching for their coming
From the early dawn till late,
As they listen in the gloaming
For the clicking of the gate.

GOOD NIGHT.

GOOD NIGHT the stars are beaming
A-down in dreamful light,
A-twinkle and a-gleaming
Good night, my love, good night!

Go seek thy peaceful pillow,
And angels guard till light
While thy true heart beats calmy—
My dear, good night, good night!

Close thy brown eyes in slumber
That smiled by day so bright—
In dreams of beauty smiling
Sleep, sweet—Good night, good night!

L. O. F. G.

WHERE MY LOVE SLEEPS.

MY love is sleeping where the grass
In summer time is green,
Low bending when the breezes pass
In silence and unseen—
She who was young and dutiful,
And sweet surpassing fair,
Of soul as blithe and beautiful
As spirits of the air.

My love is sleeping where the rose
With fragrance blooms in spring,
Where lily and the ivy grows,
And birds low carols sing,
From willow branches drooping slenderly,
For she was young and gay
Of heart and loved as tenderly
The glad sunshine as they.

My love is sleeping where the dew
Gleams brightly when the moon,
The myrtle leaves is shining through
From star-strewn skies of June,
To deck the pall like gloom of night
That veils the mound above
Her ashes with a bloom of light
That seems a smile of love.

My love is sleeping where the sod,
Beneath which all must go,
Is mantled in a shroud of God,
The winter's gift of snow;

For her young life was gifted bright,
And pure of heart and mind
As are the snowflakes drifted white,
Or borne upon the wind.

THE DIFFERENCE.

IN watch-tower lone and searching
The heaven's starry deeps,
A student worn with watching
His midnight vigil keeps.
This sage, half mad with learning,
Essays the sum to find
Of miles between the planets
And time their lights have shined.
Were I some hermit scholar,
In quiet thought alone,
I'd find a better problem,
Though deeper yet I own,
For I would try to reckon
The blissful kisses score
That on two lips of ruby
Find place forevermore.

WHEN FIELDS AND WOODS ARE GREEN.

WHEN earth and heaven smile together
In gladsome days of spring,
With shine of sun and witching weather
That birds and blossom bring,
'Tis then alone I love to wander
By wood and field and stream
While over love and life I ponder
In thought that's half a dream.

Where lost in fancy, I in chancing
To scan the plain behold
The lazy mist-wraith Lawrence dancing
Along the sunny wold;
And flag and reed and rushes quiver,
And to the breezes lean
That run in ripples on the river
When woods and fields are green.

Where lately slept the forest leafless,
In solemn silence bound,
Awakes a laughter gay and griefless,
Of merry, mirthful sound,
Save when the turtle-dove is moaning—
Tho' not because it grieves—
Or sounds the dull and drowsy droning
Of bees among the leaves.

And where the woodland bud is springing
Soft strains of music float,
For there the mocking-bird is singing,
With sweet and melting note;

And, too, the sky is blue above me,
In cloudless beauty seen,
And breezes whisper that they love me
When woods and fields are green.

And on the treeless field and meadow
The golden sunlight shines,
While half a light and half a shadow
The greening wood combines;
And down the dingle bright and bloomy,
With smiles of silver sheen,
The babbling brooks come talking to me
When woods and fields are green.

MOUNTAIN SONG.

FEAR not the mountain's lofty height,
Tho' seeming grim and hoary,
For there eternal Heaven's light
Is throned in deathless glory.
Naught breaks the dreamful silence there
Save some bold eagle's cry,
High-sailing graceful, far and fair
The blue attainless sky.

In every age and every clime
Great spirits seek the mountains,
And on their sacred heights sublime
Drink deep of wisdom's fountains.
There bribeless freedom stands on guard,
The sentinel of time:
There nature's virgin soil's unmarred
By toil or stained with crime.

The Saviour taught on Olive's crest,
There wept in holy pity,
For lost Jerusalem, his best
Beloved and chosen city.
Then up and leave the lowlands where
The murky mist enshrouds
The vale and drink diviner air
With seraphs o'er the clouds.

As Abram, who would sacrificed
His son upon the altar;
Elijah, Moses and the Christ,
Or Jephtha's martyred daughter,

Leave, leave the shadows' grim below,
Where sinful mortals plod,
And climb the rosy heights to know
A kinship with the gods!

SONG OF A DEAD DREAM.

I WILL sing you a song, like the swan that is said
To sing sweetest and best as it dies;
A song of a dreaming of love that is dead
In the light of your beautiful eyes.
A song with a theme as pathetic as old,
For a song born of love that is past,
That comes from a heart that is careless and cold
With its dreams and its hopes fading fast.
A song for the smiles that will brighten the ways.
Through the gloom of the sad coming years,
When age with its toil, in the dark after days,
Shall be burdened with trouble and tears—
A song for the gladness revived long at rest
That awoke with a happy surprise
And a song for the hope renewed in my breast
By the light of your beautiful eyes.
The song and the singer may pass out of mind,
But the dream of the dreamer will live
As long as a lover in love is so blind
As a life for his passion to give;
So kindly accept; for this song, as I've said,
Is like that of the swan as it dies,
Inspired by a dream of a love that is dead
In the light of your beautiful eyes.

IN SUMMER WOODS.

IN summer time I love to roam
The dark, dream-haunted woods,
Where sombre shadows have their home,
And mystic silence broods
Unbroken, save when nature's heard
In whispers of the breeze
And flapping wing of flying birds
Or hum of roving bees.

In lappings of the limpid streams
That fret the flowered dells,
Whose soft and silver tinkle seems
As weird, unearthly bells;
Or when the brawling crows aloft,
In noisy quarrels wail,
Or coos the dove in accents soft,
Or flutes the piper quail.

Or when on hollow tree-trunks felled,
The tufted red-head pounds,
A woodman-wraith of elfin eld
Whose pigmy axe resounds;
Or rumble of the waterfall
That tumbles down the steep,
With quaking thunder sounds that call
The echoes from their sleep.

Therefore I love the summer wood,
Its cool and dreamy gloom,
Its brooks and trees and birds and bees
And flowers' faint perfume—

Unmarred by human hands, it seems
As consecrated ground
And fit for thought and hallowed dreams
In silence or in sound.

SONG OF THE HILLS.

A WEARY of the world I fain
Would often feel forsooth
The same sweet, gladsome charm again
That lured me in my youth
To wander o'er the hills so grand,
And by the babbling streams,
A rover and in fairyland
A dreamer of sweet dreams.

And longings come to see the hills—
The hills of memory—
Whose beauty with a rapture thrills
The spirit bound or free.
The azure hills, the hills of home,
And fields of golden gleams,
In fancy where I often roam
A dreamer of sweet dreams.

Sweet hills of woodland where the leaves,
By summer breezes stirred
With music soothe the soul that grieves,
And where the mocking bird

A song of love in gladness trills—
Where earth an Eden seemed,
When in the shadow of the hills
In other days I dreamed.

How sweet, in deathless memories
The beauty of the hills.
The weird-toned wind-harp in the trees,
The rondel of the rills,
And slumbertune the river plays—
Like dream-song sweet and low—
Of olden days and golden days,
And loves of long ago.

BY THE RIVER.

BY the river let me loiter
In the blooming days of spring,
When the gleam is on the water
And the birds are on the wing;
Let me from the world's intrusion
In the pleasant shadows lie,
Dreaming in a sweet seclusion
While the moments swiftly fly.

In the summer by the river
Let me wander at my will,
Where the weeping willows quiver
In the breezes never still,
While I weave a dreamy story
Of the fabled long ago
When the red man in his glory
Saw its silver currents flow.

When the autumn leaf is yellow,
And a freight of luscious wines,
In the wild grape, ripe and mellow,
Weights the woodlands trailing vines.
By the river let me wander,
Drifting with the winding stream—
By the river let me ponder,
By the river let me dream.

For the river through the hazy
Days of autumn softly glides,
With a movement slow and lazy
While the dreamy spell abides;

And its water chanting ever
In a lyric sweet and low,
Sings a song that leaves me never
Though the seasons come and go.
With a melancholy shiver
And a fleeting glance I go,
In the winter from the river
To the fireside's friendly glow,
But its shimmer seems to haunt me
In the solemn snowy night,
And its murmur seems to taunt me
With a song of past delight.

WHEN THE HILLS ARE WHITE.

WHEN the earth is white and gleaming,

Where the shining snowflakes lie,
And the morning sun is beaming
From the azure of the sky,
Like a loving smile and tender
Falls the gentle winter light
In a golden glow of splendor
On the wide expanse of white.

And beyond the fields and meadows
Where the misty river lies,
Sloping up above the shadows,
Loom the hills against the skies,
Where at sunset one beholds them
In a blush of rosy light,
Ere the twilight gloom enfolds them
In the bosom of the night.

Then if skies are opalescent,
Star be-jeweled, cloudless bright,
And the moon is full or crescent
Shining with a ghostly light,
Fainter far they gleam and glisten,
While the breezes from them seem
Spirit whispers and I listen
In a weird enchanted dream.

In a dream of vanished pleasure
In the sunny years gone by,
And of love as life's best treasure,
Knowing neither tear nor sigh;

Love than which is nothing sweeter
To the wild heart that it thrills,
Though a passion fleeing fleeter
Than the snowflakes from the hills.

THE LOVE ENDURING.

THE love that endureth forever
Is founded on virtue and truth,
All others are false fleeting passions
That fail with the fading of youth.

THE OLD DINNER HORN.

“THE old oaken bucket that hangs in the well”

Is the theme of a beautiful song,
“The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell”
And the streamlet that “zig zags along”
Yet dearer than these are a full many more
Of the beauties of home that I sing;
A loft full of hay, and the old creaking door
To the barn that I used for a swing.

The cool swimming pool and the vine-tangled hill,
The low brown cottage where I was born;
The murmuring rill, by the old watermill—
But the toot of the old dinner horn
Was dearer to me with its far-reaching sound
As it floated and echoed and rolled,
Encircling the farm to its uttermost bound
And so promptly the dinner hour told.

Oh, the old dinner horn! I hailed it a boon,
With its welcome so cheerful, and true
To the hour it called me to dinner at noon
With its “toot” and a “too-doodle-doo.”

I’ve listened to songs of the sea all alone,
To chimes of bells in echoing aisles,
And to organs that shook with thundering tone
The walls of the vast cathedral piles—
More welcome to me in the hot summer time,
Of that horn, was its loud rolling roar
Than the organ’s sweet swells, than a chime of bells,
Or the murmuring sea on the shore,

At the first faint note of that horn on the air,
Was the harrow, the scythe or the hoe
Abandoned at once, and the plow with its gear
Was left standing alone by the row;
And quickly, with appetite often denied
To the wishes of kings and their queens,
I mounted my steed, with a hunger-born speed,
For a ride to my bacon and beans.

The minstrel may sing of the bugles that call
To the patriot soldier to arm,
But I sing of that trump, while I sing at all,
That called me home at noon on the farm.
Oh, I hailed it a boon, in the month of June,
When I toiled 'mid the green, growing corn,
For beautiful music to herald the noon
Was the "toot" of that old dinner horn.

If the judgment trump is no harsher in sound
On that day when it wakes up the dead
From their last deep sleep in the dark charnel ground,
And I sleep with a grave for a bed,
When Gabriel shall call with his trumpet some morn
Me to wake at the crack of the doom,
Perhaps I shall think that the old dinner horn
Calls me home from the fields at noon.

Shall think it the horn that is sounding at the noon
With its "toot" and a "too-doodle-doo,"—
Not the Archangel's trump that heralds the Doom
And the judgment to me and to you.

THE VANQUISHED SUMMER.

NOW sings the weird September wind,
Sad herald of the fall,
While blue the after summer haze
Drops like a spirit pall
To wrap the far-off mountain scene
In mystery and gloom,
And throw a misty pallor o'er
The meadow's face abloom.

And now the vanquished summer flees,
As flees a frightened thief,
And faint the autumn's waning sun
Lies on the trembling leaf;
And homeward flies the drunken bee
When day and darkness meet
To revel o'er his hoarded store
In wealth of well-earned sweet.

The luscious grape is ripe, the nuts
Are browning one by one,
And high above the orchard wall,
A gleam in autumn's sun,
Pawn broker-like, the apple hangs
A branch of gilded ball,
For summer's wealth of hoarded gold
Is squandered on the fall.

There's mystic music in the night
O'er forest, field and flood,
And marvelous beauty in the light
Across the changing wood;

And yet a pathos strangely sweet

 In everything appears,

As one a deeper pity feels

 At beauty moved to tears.

Not now I love the jostling crowd,

 The struggling mass of self,

The eager throng that sweeps along

 In greedy race for pelf;

For I would fain the truant play

 And roam from city's street

Where nature spreads her arms to me

 So lovingly and sweet.

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

THERE'S music in the tangled wood

Where spirit pipers blow,
With every breeze, a faint prelude
To songs of long ago—
That makes a fadeless memory
The glory of the days,
When childhood's heart beat glad and free,
In childhood's happy ways.

The frosted fields are scrolls of gold,
Unrolled before the view,
Where summer's tale of toil is told
In harvests old and new;
Of filmy form as fairy boats,
Outsailing far and fair,
The downy thistle-blossom floats
Its fleet along the air.

Where goldenrod illumines the glade,
With arcs of shining blooms,
The iron-weeds are knights arrayed
With silken, purple plumes;
And mist-wraiths, "Lazy Lawrence" named
In folklore quaint and old,
Are dancing where the daisies flamed
Of late a plain of gold.

Beyond the sunlit plain a gleam,
Green-fringed with fragrant pines,
The mountains loom above the stream
That like a serpent winds

A silver trail, by meadows lush
And reedy brake and pool
Till lost within the solemn hush
Of shadowed woods and cool.

For autumn with its dreamy haze
On wings of sweet delight,
Is passing by in glory days
To meet the winter's blight,
And memory is bright with gleams
That lit the days of yore—
The days of loving and of dreams,
The day of nevermore!

SPRINGTIME.

WHEN sunny skies of springtime smile
The cold and senseless sod
Teems with a myriad forms of life
As at a smile of God.
For quickened by the crystal tears
That weeping April sheds,
The snowdrop and the violet
Lift up their dainty heads.

The dogwood blossoms on the hill
Swing bleaching in the sun,
And crimson buds of orchards swell
And open one by one.
A-field the velvet grasses weave
The meadow's carpet green,
And gentle spring prepares the way
For summer's bolder queen.

Red rosebuds by the garden wall
Purse up their lips and pout,
Anon to smile and blooming breathe
Their fragrant sweetness out.
The spring floods fall in flashing rills
A-down the tangled steeps,
Or gleam and glisten in the pool
That in the valley sleeps.

In spring the river wanders on
In fuller flood and fleet
That in the summer loiters by
With slow, reluctant feet.

The snowy lily by her brink
Is dreaming o'er the tide,
And lollypops and buttercups
Are nodding by her side.

The blue bird calls, the robin sings,
The sparrows faintly cry,
And o'er the house in wheeling flight
The twitt'ring swallows fly.
The mock bird o'er the gurgling stream
Pours out his liquid note
Where willows bend and lilacs gleam
With purple flags afloat.

With birds and bees the trees among
In some soft Southern clime
I would my faltering feet might go
With spring in blossom time,
To lie upon the greening sward,
Or loiter by the stream,
To list the music of its flow
And dream that life's a dream.

A SPRING IDYL.

WHEN spring has crowned the world in bloom,
And breezes float a sweet perfume,
I long to leave the city street,
And where the earth and sunshine meet
In smiles of beauty bright and warm
There play the truant rover
By flashing water, wood and farm,
And dream the old dreams over.

Where on the lakes reflected sky,
In snowy stars, the lillies lie,
While 'round its rim a girdle green,
The grasses to the water lean,
And flag and fern and rushes lave,
With plume and tassel streaming,
Their tresses in the crystal wave
Of limpid ripples gleaming.

Where birds are singing in the trees,
And lightly sways the gentle breeze,
The woodbine o'er the brushwood strung,
With lilliputian bugles hung,
Such as the fairies might have blown
To summon to their floral throne
The courts of Mab in days of old,
When all the land was wildwood,
Or revels in the age of gold,
When time was in its childhood.

Out where the peach or redbud shows
A patch of purple, and where blows
Like clouds of snow the dogwood trees
Above the wild anemones,
And other nameless milkwhite gems,
Supported by the frailest stems,
That, void of color and perfume,
 With every zephyr swaying,
Seem only as if ghosts of bloom
 From fairy Eden straying.

MORNING ON THE FARM

BEYOND the mist of by-gone years
My failing eyes can see,
Despite the blight of time and tears,
My happy youth so free,
And reappears the olden scenes,
With all the olden charm,
When I'm a boy again in dreams
Of morning on the farm.

The eastern sky is all aglow
With bars of ruddy light,
Where jocund day, a-smiling gay,
Drives forth the gloomy night.
The hunters horn is heard afar
Across the flow'ry wold,
And up on high the morning star
Is growing pale and cold.

With odor sweet the breath of morn
Is laden full and flows
Swift rippling by the rustling corn,
But lingers with the rose;
And dewy beads are gleaming bright,
On blossoms bush and vines,
Scintillant as the brilliant light
That from the diamond shines.

With matin song of birds the trees
Are tunefully alive,
While a drowsy drone of waking bees
Is heard within the hive;

Then through the open window way
The spirit of the dawn
Peeps in, and smiling seems to say,
"Awake and hail the morn!"

And from the drowsy slumberland,
I startle up to find
The whisp'ring sprite, so smiling bland,
Was but a creaking blind;
The rustling corn, the hunter's horn,
And morning's rosy beams,
Were only myths of fancy born
That vanished with my dreams.

Oh, mem'ries of the golden past,
Lull me again to sleep,
And round my life a halo cast
Where I forget to weep—
Then dreaming heart awaken not,
With joyful youth remain,
As in the careless days that brought
No waking hours of pain.

WHEN WINTER'S OVER

WHEN the winter wild is over,
And the fields are fresh and green
With the growing grass and clover,
And the bursting bud is seen
Where the orchard boughs are swaying
With the blowing of the breeze,
In a madcap frolic playing
With the blossoms on the trees;
Or an idle vagrant straying
O'er the morning's misty leas.

When the bright sunlight is lying
Over all, a film of gold,
And the mellow breeze is sighing
Where the tender buds unfold
Out in garlands green and plummy
On the trailing wreaths of vine,
And the meadow lands are bloomy
Where the brook of silver shine,
In a song is calling to me,
Then a world of dreamis is mine.

For the spell of springtime fills me
With a vague and sweet unrest,
And its wondrous beauty thrills me
Till the heart within my breast,
Beats anew with olden pleasure,
Like the music glad and free,
Of the songs of soothing measure
That the season sings to me—
Sweeter than the honey treasure
Of the flowers to the bee.

THE DREAM HEAVEN.

OF I let my spirit wander
Where the lights of fancy shine
For as Riley aptly tells us
In his "Old Sweetheart of Mine,"
"I feel no twinge of conscience
To deny me any theme
When care has cast her anchor
In the harbor of a dream."

Life has neither cross nor sorrow
Sweetest visions fill the mind,
For our friends are ever faithful
And our foes are even kind,
So we bear mankind no malice
As it greets us with esteem—
"When care has cast her anchor
In the harbor of a dream."

Smoothly flows true love forever,
And the heart forgets its pain,
While the eyes leave off their weeping
And the roses bloom again
On the cheeks that paled with grieving
Where the smiles of pleasure beam—
"When care has cast her anchor
In the harbor of a dream."

So unmindful of the errors
And the trials of today—
Heeding neither toil nor troubles,
That await us on the way,

Let us envy none their honors
Howsoever bright they seem—
“When care has cast her anchor
In the harbor of a dream.”

LONGING FOR AUTUMN.

IN these ardent days of summer,
With the world aglow with heat,
When the flowers wilt and wither
That in springtime were so sweet,
I am longing for the autumn
With its cooling atmosphere
When the days are dream-like hazy,
And the nights are crisp and clear—

For the milder sun of fall time,
And the beauty that it weaves,
With a woof and weft of rainbow
In the frosted forest leaves—
When the gentle breeze is singing,
With a dulcet, low refrain,
Songs of harvest and its plenty
Of the ripened fruit and grain—

For the musky days of fragrance
With the odor of the wine
Spreads, a subtle scented incense,
From the grapes that freight the vine;

And the orchard in its fruitage
Then presents a picture bold,
With a glimmering of crimson
Through a spangle-work of gold.

All the year is blessed with beauty,
From the springtime with its rose,
Through the summer gleam of splendor,
And in winter when it snows,
But the glory days of autumn,
Ere the ripe leaves fade and fall,
To the beauty loving dreamer,
Are the dearest days of all.

IN FANCY'S FAIR DOMAIN.

THE springtime lures the heart astray
In fancy's fair domain,
For when the sunlight's ardent ray
Emblossoms hill and plain,
Of bowered lanes and crystal rills,
The shadow haunted streams,
By mountain walls and wooded hills,
The city dweller dreams.

Of nightfall in the fragrant June,
The beauty of the sky
With stars a-twinkle and the moon
A silver bow on high,
When cowbells tinkle by the stream
That murmurs in its flow,
As sounds the music of a dream
Afar off sweet and low.

He lives the days of nevermore
In visions far and fair,
With heart untroubled as of yore,
Amid the beauties where
Vine tangles drape the stony ledge
That to the highway dips
And roses glimmer through the hedge,
As red as lovers lips.

Beyond the meadow lush and cool,
In shadowed woodland, lies
The tryst of youth, a fern fringed pool,
That mirrors for his eyes

Love's faultless form and fairy face,
As if a magic spell,
Transfiguring the lowly place,
Made it the naiads well.

As waiting by the pasture bars,
He thinks of other days,
And harvest noons when love's twin stars,
Bright smiling met his gaze—
The eyes of some mild mannered maid,
As innocent and sweet
As morning's misty breeze that plays
In ripples o'er the wheat.

Oh! now to play the truant free
From duties that demand
The toiler's time, and oh, to be
The dreamer glad and grand,
Who under heaven's mystic blue,
Forgets the city's grind,
Fair forms of beauty floating through
The vista of his mind!

KATHLEEN.

KATHLEEN, a happy world around me,
No signs of sadness mar the scene,
For tender love and true has found me
A dreamer glad of you, Kathleen—
And every leaf and blossom whispers,
Your gentle graces in my ear,
And all the brooks are loving lispers
Of you, Kathleen—Kathleen so dear.

Kathleen, the bees are bloomward winging,
And dulcet music fills the air,
For all the birds, Kathleen, are singing,
In rondels sweet, your beauties rare.
Kathleen, your name the breeze is sighing;
Kathleen, the grass is waving green;
In meadows where the light is lying
In smiles of glory bright, Kathleen.

Kathleen, your face is like the morning,
When shadows flee before the light;
The blushes sweet, your cheeks adorning,
In beauty bloom as roses might.
Kathleen, the stars were never,
In splendor brighter than your eyes,
Whose laughter lights my life forever
As sunshine from the summer skies.

The modest lily blooms in whiteness,
The dainty violet in blue;
The shining marigold in brightness,
But neither one so sweet as you,

For you of flowers though the rarest,
Are sweetest mortal eyes have seen—
A blushing maiden rose the fairest,
And loved as loveliest, Kathleen.

SONG OF THE SEASONS.

IN spring, I love in greening fields,
To walk amid the clover,
Or woodlands clothed in leafy shields
When wintry winds are over;
Go where is heard the singing bird
And babble of the water,
Where lithely lean the grasses green
And in the sunshine loiter.

In summertime I long to be
Foot-loose among the mountains
To roam the forest fancy-free
And drink at cooling fountains;
Or idler by the salt sea-side
To watch the foaming billows,
Or drowse and dream beside the stream
Beneath the weeping willows.

In autumn's mild and musky days,
When softly blow the breezes,
And shines the sun through dreamy haze
A wealth of beauty pleases,

For then the leaf and harvest sheaf
Are ripe and golden yellow,
And fruit with wine on tree and vine
Is bursting sweet and mellow.

In winter-tide when falls the snow
My feet care not to wander,
But by the fireside's friendly glow
I love to sit and ponder,
And idly dream while sparkles gleam,
Or read me some old story
Of wild romance as upward glance
The flames in glints of glory.

DO GOOD TODAY.

TOO LATE, alas, too late; for love!
When life's brief dream is o'er;
The flower wreaths we place above
The heart that beats no more,
No joy can give, no smile awake,
Nor storms of grief allay
When death has put beyond recall
The loved of yesterday.

The only time for doing good
Is in the living now,
The past is dead, no future sure,
And fate will not allow
Atonement for the past neglect,
Nor blot mistakes away,
When Time has set his seal upon
The scroll of yesterday.

Then make the most of each to-day,
Contented with your lot—
The glorious future is a dream,
The morrow cometh not.
Nor silent sit with folded hands,
To act an idle part
Amid the ghosts of other years
That haunt the human heart.

There's worthy work for willing hands
To do of many kinds,
To offer council and direct,
There's need of able minds.

There's weeping eyes and longing hearts
For sympathy and love,
Then up and act a noble part
Your worthiness to prove.

LOVE SONG.

AS there is sweet love, complete love,
Love that lives beyond the tomb,
There is fading, frail and fleet love
As the morning glory's bloom.
Daughters love their mothers kindly,
And a father loves his son;
Sweethearts love each other blindly
Till their lives become as one.

Some love is mad love and glad love,
Bright in hope and happiness,
While another love is sad love,
Dark in doubtings and distress.
Love that sisters bear their brothers
Is possessed of many charms,
But is cold beside a mother's
For the infant in her arms.

And after child love—a mild love—
As the sunlight follows morn,
Comes the fanciful and wild love
Of the sweetest passion born.

Though a happy love is wife love,
 There's another love as bright,
For a mother's love is life love
 And a crown of earthly light.
'Tis said that old love is cold love,
 And a passive twilight rest
From the ardent noon of bold love,
 But a mother's love is best;
For a mother's love is true love,
 As it changes not nor fails
Like the passion light of new love
 When the bloom of beauty pales.

OF A MOUNTAIN RIVER.

WHEN I feel the breeze of autumn
Then my heart with rapture thrills,
Thinking of a mountain river
Where it winds among the hills,
Like a silver serpent, trailing
By the vine-clad steps of stone,
And the fallen bole and boulder
With the mosses overgrown.

Where I've breathed the musky fragrance
Of the mellow muscadines,
As if incense from a censer
In the swinging wreathes of vines;
Where the wind's wild harp was playing,
With a cadence sweet and low,
Like the half forgotten music
Of the songs of long ago.

In the dappled days of fall time
With the shadow and the gleam
Oft I've wandered by the waters
Of that wild romantic stream,
Lone, a lover lost in dreaming,
With the heart of youth attuned
To the melancholy murmur
That the rippling river crooned.

With the splendor of the autumn,
And the thoughts that fill my breast
With a hope of joy unending,
Comes again the same unrest

That I felt of old a dreamer
Of a life with love replete,
Where that mountain river ripples
With the balsam breezes sweet.

TO MAUDE-LILLIAN.

MAUDE-LILLIAN, love, the world is wide,
With beauty everywhere,
In many forms, of many charms,
For women sweet and rare
In ev'ry clime of earth abide,
But none than you more fair.

Maude-Lillian, love, the brightest star
That ever gemmed by night
The distant sky with golden eye,
Of soft but lustrous light,
More brilliant never was than are
Your eyes, love-beaming bright.

Maude-Lillian, love, the rarest flow'r
That ever bloomed in spring,
The lily white, or red rose bright,
Of which the poets sing,
Was never in its fairest hour
Than you a sweeter thing.

Maude-Lillian, love, the sweetest dream
That ever mortal knew,
However fair of beauty rare,
To nature false or true,
Could never quite so lovely seem
As what I dream of you.

Maude-Lillian, love, the world is not
A paradise of joy,
For every heart must have its part
Of grieving and annoy;
But you might bless the humblest spot
With love without alloy.

LOLA WAYNE.

STILL, after many years have flown,
Of pleasure and of pain,
Returns the sweetest dream I've known
In life, sweet Lola Wayne.

A dream of apple blossoms where,
With flute-like, low refrain,
The mocking bird a dreamy air
Is lilting, Lola Wayne.

And to a springtime morning goes
My thoughts, when down the lane
I met you blushing like a rose,
But sweeter, Lola Wayne.

The spirit of the spring you seemed,
The queen of beauty's train,
And fairest I had ever dreamed
Might love me, Lola Wayne.

About your hair a wreath of bloom,
A fragrant flower chain,
Breathed of a subtle, sweet perfume,
Like incense, Lola Wayne.

Love lighted up your laughing eyes,
As brightly beamed the twain
As might twin stars of moonless skies
At midnight, Lola Wayne.

Sweet eyes ! around my heart they cast,
Love's halo, to remain
Alight as long as life might last,
For me, sweet Lola Wayne.

And all bewildered with your charms,
As one with joy insane
I longed to take you in my arms
And kiss you, Lola Wayne.

In other loves I'll never meet,
In all the world again,
With one so beautiful and sweet
As you were, Lola Wayne.

But apple blossoms bright with dew,
Or gleaming in the rain,
Still bring me tender dreams of you,
My lost love—Lola Wayne.

LIFE'S LANE O' DREAMS.

IN youth a life is like a day
Of summer when the bloom
Of roses spread along the way
The sweetest of perfume.
The road before us when we start
Is lit with glory gleams,
And fleet of foot and glad of heart
We walk Life's lane o' dreams.

The birds that warble in the trees
Sings songs of joy to be
And in the lispings of the breeze
Is heard a song of glee.
And driven by ambition's goad,
The spirit young and bold
Goes ever dreaming on life's road
Of future, fame or gold.

But when we fare unto the noon,
All radiant with the smile,
Of cloudless skies of fragrant June,
We walk with love awhile,
Unmindful of the faded dawn
Of youth—so happy seems
The rosy road we journey on
Along Life's lane o' dreams.

Love leaves us and a shadow falls
Across the way, so bright
At noontime, and the heart recalls
The vanished morning light,

But through the gathering gloom we view,
Afar with fading beams,
The sun of hope we followed to
The end of Life's lane o' dreams.

THE AUTUMN'S PATHOS.

THERE'S pathos in each autumn scene
Of crimson show or yellow sheen,
Of tangled copse of bush and brier,
By sylvan lakes, the naiad's well,
Where swings the goldenrod's pale fire,
Flambeaux that gleam the dusky dell
When earth hath lost its green.

Along the fallow fields, dead eyes
Of daisies stare up at the skies;
A tuft of blood-red plumage seems
The ruby-beaded sumach's crest,
And gold the bois-d'arc orange gleams
Out through the hedge in yellow drest,
When vanquished summer flies.

Of some dark deed of some bold Kate
By night the green cicadas prate,
And weirdly shrill the cricket's call
Across the bronzing fields is heard,
While perched upon a poplar tall
Lone pipes a melancholy bird
A requiem for its mate.

The frost-king steals the roses' blush,
And lends the leaf a livid flush
That trembling to the osier clings,
And over height and over dale
On silent, soft and airy wings,
The blue haze broods, an azure veil,
In melancholy hush.

The frost-smit flowers fade and fall
In silence by the garden wall;
The river chants with solemn croon,
A hectic flush is on the vines;
In minor tones, a mournful tune,
The wailing wind sings in the pines,
For death is over all.

WHEN SUMMER CALLS ME HOME.

WHEN the winter skies are leaden hued,
And the rain is dropping down,
I make believe that I'm satisfied
With living in the town;
Or when the country roads are filled
With a slush of muddy sleet,
I find I'm fairly well content
To use the city street.

But when the summer time is come
With blossom, bird and bee
And sunny skies are bright and blue,
And smiling down to me,
I feel a God-forsaken kind
Of gloom and loneliness,
Remaining in the crowded town
Of business and distress.

For then the zephyrs whisper low,
To bid me welcome where
They wrinkle the river's solemn face,
And tangle the meadow's hair—
Where sunshine reds the cherry's cheek,
And the wanton winds are bold
That tousle the fields of bronzing wheat
Till they smile in a gleam of gold.

Where the turfted jay is whistling gay,
And the crow-freebooters prate
Of pirate deeds, and the speckled quail
Is calling to his mate—

Where the gentle dove croons of his love,
Lone in some sylvan nook,
And the swallow laves his tawny breast
In the waters of the brook.

Out where the richest fragrancy
Is borne upon the breeze
That comes from clover fields abloom
And fennel-studded leas—

Out where the tender grasses wave
And where I long to roam
With Nature smiling sweet to me,
For Summer calls me home.

And it lifts a burden from my heart
To view such scenes again,
To smell the clover and the rose
That blossoms by the lane—
To hear the river's murmuring flood
That flows by meadows green—
Out where each lad's of royal blood
And every lass a queen.

THE PIN-GHOST.

I'VE read or I've dreamed of a wrinkled old hag,
With a figure all crimped to a crook—
That canters at night on a broom for a nag,
With the goblin, the ghoul and the spook—
Her mission? Ah, well be you patient a wee
While I tell, though you laugh it to scorn,
And something, perhaps, in the story you'll see
To amuse you and something to warn.

This weazened old hag, with a broom for a nag,
Is a witch, and she gathers up pins,
And stores them away, in a cushion-like bag
Till she wishes to puncture the skins
Of people who shirk in the duties of life,
Or the merciless woman or man
The spreaders of scandal, the breeders of strife,
And the scoffer at God's holy plan.

You've noticed, no doubt, that a pin disappears
In a rather mysterious way;
That something at night with your rest interferes
If you tumble to sleep ere you pray—
She gathers the pins that you lose through the day
And she stores them away, as I've said,
Till night, when the witch or the devil's to pay
If you carry a conscience to bed.

I awake at night from my dreams in affright,
With a nettle-like sting on my spine,
And tumble and toss, while I swear by the Joss,
In my bed is a mad porcupine;

And I hunt in vain for a flea or a tick
When the broom-riding ghost with her pins
Is prodding away with a stab and a stick
To the tally in full of my sins.

She'll find you asleep, she will find you awake,
She will haunt you in life's every place
The sweetest of dreams from your mind she will take,
And the smile, when she comes, from your face.
You'll meet her quite often, this sprite of the air,
This old hag with the broom for a horse,
Whose name is familiar to men everywhere
For she's called in our language remorse.

CHRISTMAS SONG.

THERE'S a time of hallowed glory
That in gladness is sublime,
And a theme of song and story
For the folk of every clime—
Time of memories undying
As the stars of fadeless glow,
Each with each in splendor vieing,
Through the nights of long ago.

With the sun the sky adorning,
Fancy paints the scenes of earth
All resplendent in the morning
Of the day that knew the birth
Of the Christ-Child, Prince of ages,
Loved of mankind, high or low,
More than all the saints and sages
Of the lands of long ago.

Not alone the homage given
To the Savior of mankind
Makes the time a touch of Heaven
To the glad, contented mind,
For it matters little whether
Blooms the rose or falls the snow,
Christmas calls again together
Friends who left us long ago.

Lovers true, in anger parting,
Children from the old home nest,
Gone to seek their fortunes, starting
Ever hopeful on the quest,

Make again a loving visit
And with welcome home they know
In their hearts the joy exquisite
Of the Christmas long ago.

So we hail the day's returning
With a heart love unconfined,
For the objects of its yearning
Meet with greetings glad and kind—
And the world as one in gladness
Makes the day a time of cheer,
For the mind is freed from sadness
When the Christmas-tide is here.

MY HOUR TO DREAM.

WHEN purple dyes of sunset fade,
And stars of beauty gleam
In summer twilight's drowsy shade
I love to sit and dream,
While shadows fall on vale and hill,
And hide them from my sight,
Where nature slumbers soft and still
Wrapped in the dewy night.

With lighted pipe I tilt my chair
And gently close my eyes,
When in a picture wondrous fair
The past before me lies;
The orchard where I played a child
And house where I was born,
The sloping hills of woodland wild
And fields of waving corn.

The undulating blooms of sedge
That purple-plume the plain,
And vine-entwined mock-orange hedge
That overhung the lane
Where rosy youth of faces sweet,
In sunny days of yore,
Have left the prints of nimble feet
That walk therein no more.

The hemlocks by the mountain streams,
So dusky, green and tall,
And flashing sunlit spray that gleams
Around the waterfall,

The elder copse and bramble nooks
Where luscious berries grew,
And silver sheen of meadow brooks
So pleasing to the view.

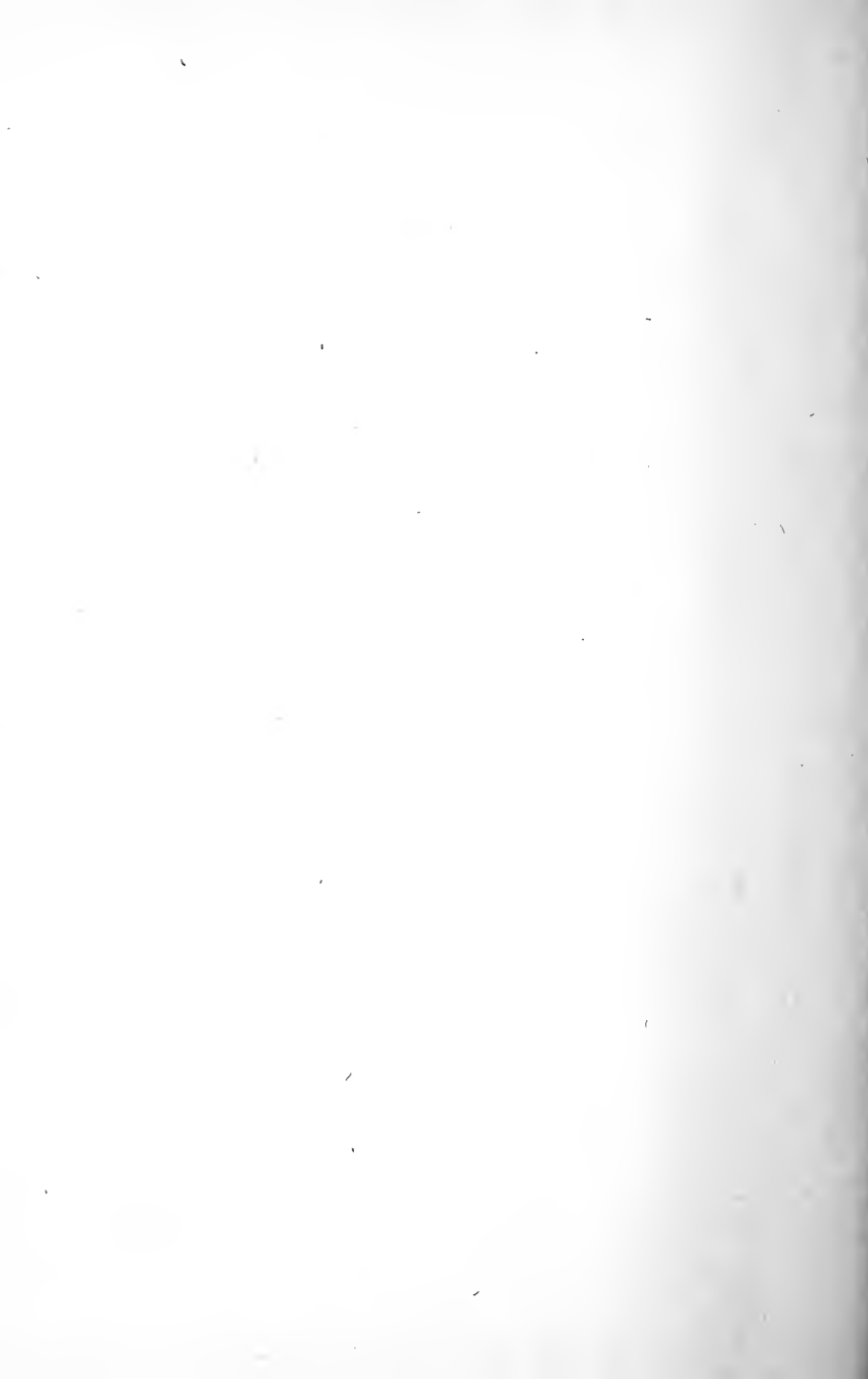
My happy youth can be no more,
My brightest hopes have fled,
And many friends I loved of yore
Are numbered with the dead,
But when the toil of day is done,
And stars at nightfall gleam,
The past I love to muse upon
And of its pleasures dream.

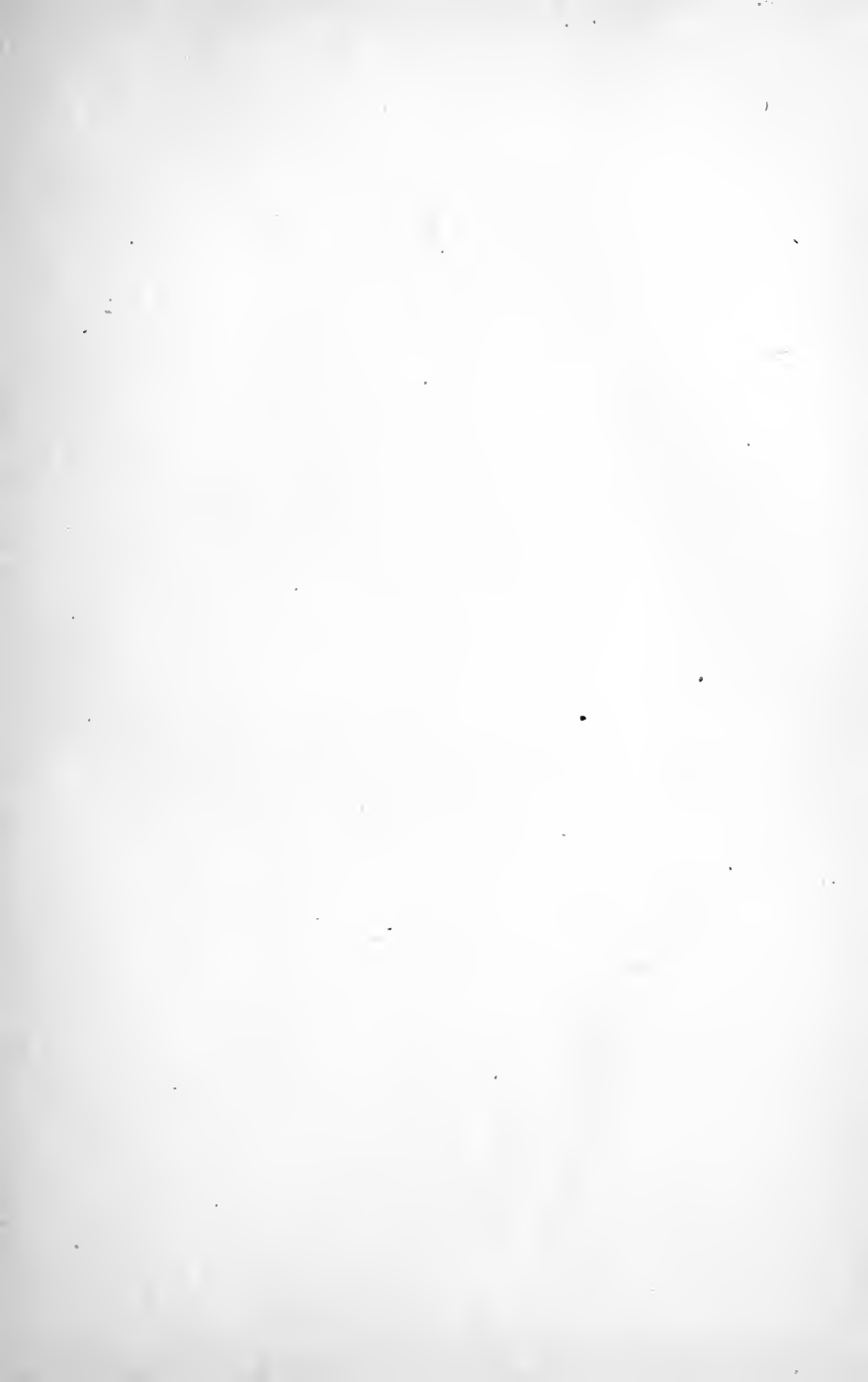
MY SWEETHEART.

IN the blue of the sky
When the clouds drift by
Is the hue of my sweetheart's eyes;
And her hair is the sheen
Of a sun-set scene
On a cloud when the daylight dies.
There's a sound of her voice
When the winds rejoice
In the tops of the murmuring pine;
In the coo of the dove
That tells of its love,
And the plaint of the lowing kine.
For her lips is the rose,
But the lily shows
As her brow and her cheek so sweet;
And her smile is the gleam
Of the sun's bright beam
On the fields of the golden wheat.
And her laugh is the trill
Of the rippling rill
In the shadowy woodland dells,
And the song that she sings
From the steeple rings
In harmonious chimes of the bells.
And her breath is the breeze
From the blooming leas
As her home is the hill and plain,
Where she smiles in the light,
Or weeps in the night
For her tears are the dew and the rain.

And I love her in spring,
When the glad birds sing;
In the summer with sky that glows,
And I woo her in fall,
When beauty's o'er all,
Or with her I dream when it snows.

In the gloom or the glow
Of the skies I know
I love her, in rain or in shine,
For the beauty of change
In nature so strange
Alone is that sweetheart of mine.





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